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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 18, 1939

THE COMING VISIT OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

M. Albert Lebrun With His Wife and Grandchildren — A Picture from the President's Family Album

After seven years as head of the French Republic, the high office in which he has displayed a tact and personal charm typical of his countrymen, M. Albert Lebrun is about to end his term, and it is for this reason among others that London will wish to accord him a special welcome when he arrives for his State visit on March 21. Elaborate arrangements have been made to do him honour, and among the big events of the President's stay will be the luncheon given at Guildhall by the Corporation, the reception at the National Gallery, and the gala performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. M. Lebrun was born at Mercy-le-Haut, Lorraine, in 1871, the son of farming folk, and nearly all his life has worked devotedly in the public service, having held such offices as Minister of the Colonies, Minister of Blockade, Vice-President of the Chamber, and Vice-President of the Senate. In 1932, when M. Doumer was assassinated, M. Lebrun was elected to the Presidency and through seven years of political difficulty, punctuated by the Stavisky riots, the murder of King Alexander, and the stay-in strikes, he has borne himself with dignity and restraint. To-day his popularity stands higher than ever before, and there are hosts of his countrymen who are eager that he should accept another term

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A RESTING PLACE IN THE VALHALLA OF THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR: The coffin of King George V has now been removed from the Royal vault in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, and placed within this tomb which stands in the second westernmost bay on the north side of the nave. On Sunday last the King and Queen, accompanied by Queen Mary and other members of the Royal Family, visited the chapel and were present at the dedication ceremony. The sarcophagus, of Clipsham stone, has been designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, P.R.A., while the carvings on it and the recumbent figure of George V are the work of Sir William Reid Dick, R.A.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4

Wednesday, March 15, 1939.

THE ARMY.—Mr. Belisha's manner and methods do not make for personal popularity but it must be admitted by recent experience that the iron hand in time of danger achieves more when it is not muffled with the velvet glove. There is no doubt that the War Minister "reaped the reward of his pluck (my boy)" in his great speech on the Army Estimates last week. For the first time in memory, the whole problem of the army in relation to imperial and home defence and to our European commitments was dealt with on a grand scale, and yet in vital detail, from the dawn of the history of modern armies and their functions right up to the requirements of to-day and to-morrow under entirely new conditions of warfare and political circumstances. Indeed, the only possible criticism which might be levelled at Mr. Belisha's review and exposition is that he (exceptionally) has looked almost too far into the future. The gathering waters of his great effort cannot burst the dam and release the fullest extent of their power for some years to come. And still at the back of our minds we hold the view that hard economic facts must put a period to our civilisation if some sense of security and a real measure of disarmament are not achieved within five years. Mr. Belisha's tremendous and vastly expensive effort will be fully effective at a time when we all hope and many believe the world will no longer require these cripplingly expensive safeguards of liberty—and then, just when we are turning hopefully towards a saner use of national revenue for the welfare of our people, we shall have for another decade to use it for paying the bill. But that is inevitable, that is no reason for criticising Mr. Belisha's effort or his exposition of it. He spoke with a frankness which no War Minister has dared to employ, at any rate since the blackest years of the great war—he tore down the veil that thinly protected the temple of democratic beliefs. Twenty-five years ago, in the crisis of world war, the Territorial Force could elect (individually) whether it would volunteer for service abroad. To-day every man-jack now serving is completely bound to fight in whatever foreign field the Government decides from the word "go." It is on all fours with the Regular Army, armed as the Regular Army to the last recruit with the most modern death-dealing weapons and ready within two or three months to take its fit part in Europe or elsewhere in a fighting army of nineteen divisions. And already it is the basis for a big war-time expansion to recruit the whole nation for service anywhere in the world. To give to Britain a great army which can play its part in Europe, if called on, on something like convincing terms, the Colonies and India are to recruit and modernise and greatly enlarge their own local volunteer and defence units and gradually to achieve a first-instance self-defence without call upon the mother country and relying only on strategic reserves which will become available for the ultimate defence of our interests in India and the Middle East. The secret of Britain's effort as regards army reform has been well kept. The silence of Mr. Belisha in the face of home criticism and French scepticism has its reward for him to-day. We are taken by surprise. So, we believe, is the French nation; and we cannot but hope that their leaders are to-day making an effort, commensurate, to put down pound for pound with us in a common effort to preserve peace and the sweets of the democratic ideals of civilised life. The latest news from the powder-magazine of Czechoslovakia warns us that Europe, hoping for happier times, is not yet out of the wood; nor are we likely yet to regret the strengthening of our means of defence.

BELGIUM'S POLITICAL CRISIS.—King Leopold has had a worrying time for some months. There appears to be no one in the political field capable of welding discordant elements into a government. There was no alternative for the King but the dissolution of Parliament and a new attempt to ascertain the temper of the country. There has been perpetual uncertainty and insecurity since M. Van Zeeland went out. He alone seemed to hold the recipe for mixing into a salad the Catholic, Socialist and Liberal elements. M. Spaak tried his hand but the Liberals and ex-servicemen brought him down by the bitter feelings inspired by the election of the once-condemned-to-death M. Maertens to the Academy. He was an active Separatist during the war. Then M. Pierlot had a try. He mixed Catholic, Socialist and non-political elements to form a government which survived only a week. And no one else seemed willing to make a new attempt. M. Max, who must be getting on in years, and who still preserves much of the authority of his great war reputation, carries the Liberal party with him. But, having disposed of M. Spaak, he has adopted a purely destructive policy and refuses to take a hand in Cabinet making. He is content to criticise and if necessary to destroy the Cabinets of others. A general election may, of course, invent unexpected battle-cries and fight on unforeseen issues. There is always the bi-lingual and bi-racial issue between Flemings and Walloons; and there is always M. Degrelle and the Rexists who in the past flirted with the Flemish Nationalists but are now a reduced and independent political entity. In its troubled history of recent years, the figure of M. Van Zeeland stands out as the man to solve Belgium's present troubles. His name at least is known and respected outside Belgium. He has done some constructive work for European appeasement. He is a bigger man than many of his contemporary parish-pump politicians. The times are still so grave that Belgium must forget that she is two nations and resolve to make herself one. I think she will.

THE APPLE-CART. — The dignified part played by King Leopold and the severity of his condemnation of the party tactics of the political leaders in these dangerous times have clearly made an impression already on the politicians and won the approval of the public. King Leopold indeed is curiously reminiscent of the figure of the King in *The Apple-cart*. He is playing the part of a King Magnus, a part by no means beyond the scope of a constitutional monarch in times of great danger, a useful part which a constitutional king might usefully have played in France when the same sort of thing was happening a year or two back while Europe was rushing on disaster. (But France has never yet produced a royal dynasty which comprehended the term "constitutional monarchy.") King Leopold was bred in its traditions, and well knows, I expect, that the strongest weapon in his armoury is not the iron hand of dictatorship but the velvet glove which King Magnus wore. If he indicate that he is tired of playing his constitutional role strictly and with devotion in a milieu of squabbling and parochial politics, he

THE RECUMBENT FIGURE OF KING GEORGE V, carved by Sir William Reid Dick in Bianco del mare marble to surmount the sarcophagus in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The King is shown wearing the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet and Garter robes. The tomb was commissioned in 1936 by King Edward VIII and Queen Mary

WINGED VICTORY, [illegible] modern sculptural gro[illegible] new Imperial Airways he[illegible]

leaves it to public opinion in Belgium to bring back the politicians to a greater sense of responsibility and patriotism. And, at the moment, while he plays King Magnus, the trumps are in his hands. The general election may be fought on the racial issue but I fancy Belgium will emerge from it more united as a nation than she has been since 1918.

REMOVING GERMAN "DOUBTS."—Sir Nevile Henderson since his illness and holiday has made some very clear pronouncements in Germany which have no doubt helped to produce the better feeling (or diminished expressions of ill-feeling and distrust) which has been so welcome. Sir Nevile has been a very good prophet of coming events and tendencies since he went to Berlin as Ambassador and by now he must have as good a working knowledge of what is in the minds of the people and the rulers of Germany as any. That is one reason why I think that his speeches are in truth directed not to removing doubts in the minds of the people but to take the wind out of Hitler's sails. There cannot live to-day in Germany a single sane adult German of moderate education (still capable of thinking for himself) who admits the possibility that British armaments may be ultimately intended for an attack on the German Reich. When Sir Nevile declared that there was no party and no statesmen in England who would for one moment contemplate aggressive war on Germany (or Lilliput for that matter) he was voicing a truth which not only every English man-in-the-street knows beyond peradventure but every sane German also. Nay, even the most Junker of "old-Tory" ministers in the wilderness, compelled to earn a living by journalism, dare not go so far towards making their articles spicy as to hint at such a thing, while the Epping division has lately condemned in severe language the mischievousness of their member's post-Munich activities. English politicians are very fond of power and would never risk so unpopular, so monstrous a suggestion which would cook their political goose for ever. War has been brought near because Britain and France drifted into a position of dangerous vulnerability. The chimera of democratic aggression has been a political device to enable the dictator governments to fit themselves to succeed in the diplomacy of bluff and force, and once the balance of armament power is redressed, no possible misunderstanding can remain to justify continuing the madness of this ruinous armaments race. In the urgency of the present need for political security to revive trade and increase exports our chief hopes of disarmament lie. All logic suggests that the time is drawing nearer when a method of approach may be found to this vital beginning, and the speeches of ministers indicate that Mr. Chamberlain thinks so, too.

IF WAR CAME.—And if England ever were dragged into a war of defence against Germany, a war which might have originated in some frontier incident provoked by a third Power, is there to-day any, even among the most exuberant admirers of the German war machine, who believes that that war could prove more damaging to one side than to the other? It is only twenty years ago that the German people were compelled to admit that their prophets had deceived them, that the British and French races were not, after all, decadent and incapable of self-defence. The Germans then, as now, were a warlike, virile, disciplined people. France and Britain before 1914, by their habits and manner of life and speech, may have given cause for that fatal misreading of their true characters. But not to-day. The democracies in the last six months have proved by their efforts that human nature does not change in twenty years and that if war were ever forced on them, they would hit back as effectively as ever. And, with that fact clear, it is not difficult to paint the picture of what must result. The Germans may have on paper three war planes to two of France and England. But the latter are not of inferior material, their crews are not worse trained, their inventions and devices and guns not less up to date (why should they be?), their resources are not inferior (on the contrary, compared with Germany's they are inexhaustible). When all the flower of manhood in the air forces of both sides was dead, London and Paris and the big cities no doubt would be sadly crippled, untold treasures would be destroyed and thousands of innocent lives sacrificed; but would Germany be in better plight, with the British Fleet beginning to make its power felt? The truth remains that Germany is still in the stage of *building up* a great army, not of doubling an existing great army.

CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: Anna Lee, actress wife of director John (*Tudor Rose*) Stevenson, with their daughter, Joanna Venetia Invicta Stevenson, who celebrated her first birthday with a party at the Ealing studios where her father and mother are at present working together on a new picture

GLIMPSING THE ROYAL PAST: The King and Queen and the Princesses seen during their surprise visit to the Office of Works excavations in Whitehall where the foundations of old Whitehall Palace are now being brought to light. In recent numbers of "The Sphere" numerous pictures of the excavations have been given, while on pages 394–395 of this issue there is a special section dealing with great moments in the history of the Palace

ERSION: E. R. Broadbent's dorning the tower of the arters near Victoria Station

PAGHAM HARBOUR.—It looks as if Pagham Harbour will be chosen for the Empire flying-boat base. The Langstone Harbour schemes, public and private, have been dropped, and indeed the disadvantages of increasing the dangers and congestion of Portsmouth were very patent. Southampton Water, again for the same reasons, could only be a temporary expedient. Pagham, no doubt, has advantages. It is a large, natural harbour with water at a constant level, and it lies in flat, unobstructed meadow and marsh land. Moreover, it could be cheaply enlarged by reclamation. It is but three miles from Chichester, which is now well served by the S.R. electric system. It lies 2 miles to the west of Bognor Regis and a mile north of Selsey Bill. The air authorities may smile on the project, and I dare say also the commercial elements in the local authorities controlling Chichester and Bognor, who will scent the odour of increased trade. But West Sussex will take a less rosy and a longer view. The close proximity of Portsmouth, Tangmere, Pagham, Aldershot will pretty well "bracket" West Sussex as a danger area, No. 1 and undisputed. Chichester is a cathedral city; Bognor is an ever-developing pleasure resort. The sort of trade which an Empire flying base may bring to the environs of Pagham will kill dead the safer and older industries on which Chichester and Bognor have long depended. The invalid and the holiday-maker will not long stand the racket at Bognor which has developed by and for its health and holiday patrons. And as for the naturalists and lovers of what remains undeveloped of our southern coast line, they will hang up their harps and sit down and weep. It is the price which must be paid for progress.

NO SICH PERSON.—A testator recently bequeathed "£500 . . . to the Secretary or other proper officer of the Oxford Group whose offices are at present situated at Brown's Hotel." Last week Mr. Justice Bennett ruled that the bequest was void on the ground that there was no evidence to establish the existence of any such body. There was no real "membership," no association, no rules binding its members, no constitution. In law, there never has been and is not a society called The Oxford Group of which Dr. Buchman or any other person could be deemed a "proper officer." Now, in this legal decision Dr. Buchman himself was a damning authority. In his group book he opens with the sentence: "You cannot belong to the Oxford Group. It has no membership list . . . rules or definite location." Ergo, until Dr. Buchman thinks again we must cancel our codicils leaving money to the Group and allocate the money to our less deserving relations or a cats' home. With No. 45 Berkeley Square preparing for occupation by Dr. Buchman's secretariat, it is unlikely that the Oxford Group will long remain an airy nothing, incapable of accepting charitable bequests. For Berkeley Square is expensive living and charitable bequests an excellent source of revenue.

THE OLD STAGER

GERMANY BREAKS UP THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN STATE

Slovakia Seeks Berlin Assistance and Declares Herself Independent — The Event That Heralded Hitler's Advance on Prague

A DAUGHTER FOR THE HOUSE OF BOURBON: Ex-King Alfonso of Spain and the Infanta Christina arriving at the Spanish Church in Rome to attend the christening of the five-days-old daughter of the Prince of the Asturias. The Prince, who may ascend the Spanish throne if Franco effects a restoration, was married in 1935 and now has three children, one of them a boy, thus assuring the succession

A ROYAL BUNDLE OF LACE: The Duchess of Segovia, daughter-in-law of ex-King Alfonso, holding the infant daughter of the Prince of the Asturias (left) at last Saturday's christening in the Spanish Church in Rome. On right is the Duke of Segovia, second son of ex-King Alfonso

IRAN'S PRINCE IMPERIAL, nineteen-year-old Shahpur Mohamed Reza, lunching in Cairo with the President of the Egyptian Senate during the round of visits which preceded his marriage to Princess Fawziya, sister of King Farouk. The signing of the marriage contract took place last Wednesday (March 15), coinciding with the birthday of the Shah of Iran, the bridegroom's father, and Egyptian Independence Day

ROYALTY IN THE NEWS . . .

A BEWILDERING SUCCESSION OF EVENTS: Father Tiso (left), who was dismissed last week by President Hacha of Czechoslovakia from the Premiership of the autonomous Slovak Government, in conference with Dr. Sidor (second from left) who succeeded him on March 11. On March 13 Dr. Tiso arrived in Berlin for conversations with Chancellor Hitler, and having received his instructions, at once returned to Bratislava, where he was proclaimed head of the new and independent Republic of Slovakia supported by Germany. By this coup the state of Czechoslovakia was broken in two, and further disintegration followed when the German army marched into Czech territory last Wednesday to carry out the Führer's decision to take the Czech people under "his wing"

AN ANTI-JEWISH POSTER, typical of the many that have been posted up throughout Slovakia of recent weeks. This anti-Semitism has coincided with the very rapid growth of pro-Nazism

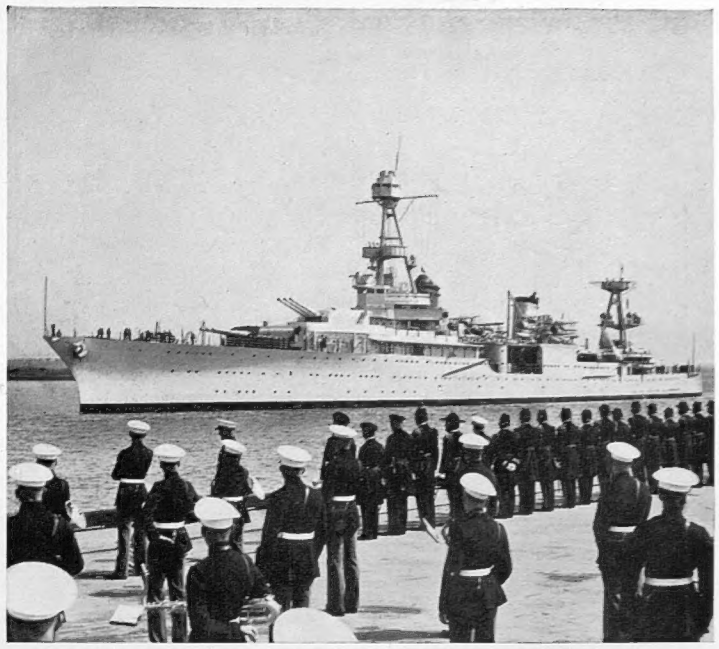
INSTRUMENTS OF SLOVAKIAN SEPARATISM: *Left*—Young Nazis, wearing swastika armlets, keeping guard outside their headquarters in Bratislava, and (*right*) members of the Hlinka Guard, who have long been resisting the attempts of the Prague Government to control affairs in Slovakia. When Germany backed this Slovakian independence movement, the fate of Czechoslovakia was sealed

POPE PIUS XII IS CROWNED IN THE OPEN

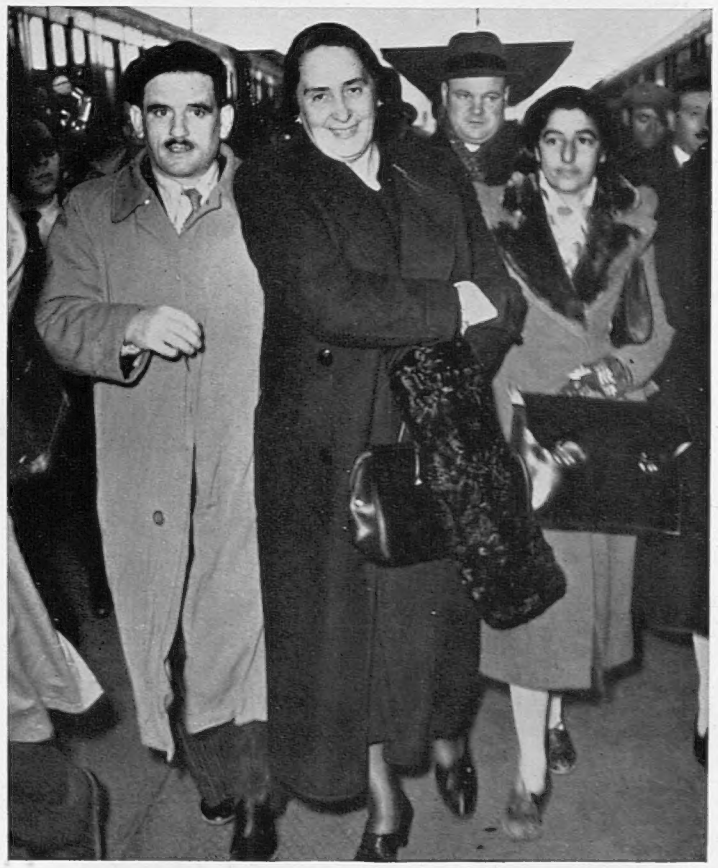
All Rome Turns Out For the Brilliant Papal Ceremonial at St. Peter's

BEFORE 500,000 WITNESSES, who thronged the main approach to St. Peter's, Pope Pius XII was crowned last Sunday, the spectacular ceremony taking place on the Loggia of the Benedictions, instead of indoors as has previously been the case. His Holiness is seen in this picture wearing the magnificent triple crown just after it had been placed on his head by the first Cardinal Deacon, Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni. The occasion was marked by a display of tremendous enthusiasm

SEATED IN THE SEDIA GESTATORIA, and surrounded by Papal guards and other high officials, Pope Pius XII was borne in state last Sunday to the great Basilica of St. Peter's where Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at the start of the five hours of ceremony preceding his coronation on the Loggia of the Benedictions. Not within the memory of the oldest Roman can there have been such a coronation, both for the enthusiasm it evoked and the numbers of notabilities who attended



THE PRESIDENT RETURNS TO TERRA FIRMA: Marines lining the dock at Charleston, South Carolina, as the cruiser *Houston* brought Mr. Roosevelt back to the mainland and his executive duties after he had been an interested spectator of phases of a mock naval battle



ECLIPSE OF A HEROINE: Dolores Ibarruri, Communist deputy for Oviedo, Vice-President of the Spanish Parliament, and most popular figure in Republican Spain, where she was known as La Pasionaria, seen on arrival at the Gare de Lyon in Paris. Before she fled for sanctuary to France she had accomplished more than any other single person in the task of gaining recruits for the Republican forces

A FRENCH CAUSE CELEBRE: Thirty-year-old Eugen Weidmann (left) and his fellow accused, Roger Million and Jean Blanc, pictured in the dock at the Paris court where Weidmann is being charged with the murder of six persons between July and December, 1937. He confessed to four of the murders, but completely refused to implicate his alleged accomplices. One victim was Miss Jean de Koven, the American dancer

FRANCE AND THE U.S. . . .

The Humble Barge

Mr. A. P. Herbert, humorist, Parliamentarian, and author of the popular novel, *The Water Gypsies*, interviewing Mr. and Mrs. Edwards on board their barge *Florence* as a television camera was focused on them in a lock on the Grand Union Canal at Brentford. Televiewers were given a wonderful insight into life on the barges

Safety First

Trying on one of the new gas-masks for babies during a demonstration at Holborn Town Hall. The masks consist of a hood of impervious fabric fitted with a large window of cellulose acetate. Air is supplied by means of a rubber bellows, pumping being at the rate of forty strokes a minute

THE LAST OF THE OLD LYCEUM: Mr. representatives of the Melville family Lyceum for 33 years, and Miss Elsie throughout the Melville era, broadcast Saturday before going on to the theatre performance that will ever be given

AFTER SIX YEARS SPENT ON THE MON English missionary and his wife, arrived the son who was born while they were

A Survey of Home Affairs: Televising Barge Life : Launch of the "Andes" The Lyceum Closes : Physical Fitness Meeting

This was the scene as the 26,000-ton Royal Mail liner *Andes* was launched last week from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's main yard at Belfast. She is the largest merchant ship to have taken the water in Great Britain this year and will form a fine addition to the Royal Mail Company's South American service

. . . and the Big Ship

...drew Melville and Miss June Melville, ...ich has been in occupation of the ...ches (left), who has been book-keeper ... the "In Town To-night" feature last ... see the curtain rung down on the last ...ere. Offices will be built on the site

GOLIAN STEPPE Mr. and Mrs. Payne, an ...n London last week, bringing with them ...n the wilds, many days' journey from Peiping

A study in types and expressions at Seymour Hall where 1,000 young people, representing 900 clubs, gathered last Saturday at the meeting of the National Fitness Committee for London and Middlesex. The future of the movement was fully discussed, the chief speaker being Sir Wyndham Deedes

Fitness First

H. G. WELLS AND A.R.P.—

The Air Mine Counterblast to Bombers Discussed

FRANCE MAKES A BELATED EFFORT: A woman receiving her gas mask in one of the six Paris districts where a free distribution has just been completed, 200,000 masks being handed out in all

THE FREE DISTRIBUTION OF GAS MASKS IN PARIS: A small boy being fitted at one of the depots. The masks all come from "Czechoslovakia," having been purchased shortly after the Munich crisis

FRANCE'S NEW MINISTRY OF PASSIVE DEFENCE: A monster building in the Avenue Segur. It was formally opened last Monday by President Lebrun

WITH so much "optimistic dust" in the air, too much in our eyes might cause a slackening of the nation's effort that has done so much to raise it. Prudence (and mid-European news) suggests a wise mean between that state of mind and the fallacy of that opposite extreme described by Mr. H. G. Wells as the "great A.R.P. panic that seems to have ruined everybody's nerves." One does not like to say that Mr. Wells should speak for himself. There is not, and at no time has been, any more panic than goes to the oiling of a rather rusty lock on a front door.

In his surprisingly fretful article in the *News Chronicle* for March 6 Mr. Wells further remarks helpfully that "at a pinch air warfare can be eliminated almost completely," and lets it go at that. It is an axiom that in the long run defence masters offence, but much can happen—has happened—first. An examination of some things that are being done towards that desirable end may be of more constructive use than airing vague ideologies.

But though not to the purpose of his jeremiad Mr. Wells does go out of his way to drag in the intriguing subject of Major H. Muir's "air mine," the possibilities of which are admitted by the Air Ministry. Major Muir describes the principle of his invention as follows:

"A small bomb is fixed to a meteorological balloon by a fine steel wire. The bomb has a time fuse which will destroy it at a fixed time if enemy airplanes have not encountered it. The mines could be sent up in shoals, and would have many hundred times the range of anti-aircraft shells. The invention is made possible by the degree of exactitude of present-day meteorological forecasts, which can fix the direction and force of the wind twelve hours ahead." He meets the objection that they would be an equal menace to our own aircraft by pointing out that these could always operate to windward of the mines, as submarines work outside their own minefields, and states that as regards cost this would not be great once the mines were in mass production. With a welcome return of his own picturesque language, Mr. Wells adds, "You can send these unobtrusive things up in shoals, in clouds, in curtains, and aerial minesweepers have yet to be invented."

Just as the balloon curtain is planned to drive the raider to high altitudes, here, for all an unscientific mind can guess, may be the birth of that defender that in due time shall chase him into the complications above the Lower Stratosphere. And if that is not far enough, we know that a trip to the moon is scientifically possible in a rocket that projects itself by successive explosions, so that all we lack is the unmanned "fighter rocket" to give the mines a lift and direct the course of "sounder balloons." Thus may imagination run away with itself and, in the light of the twentieth-century airman's amazing feats, back—or forward?—to Daedalus and Icarus (who crashed), mythical father and son; paying homage on the way to Leonardo da Vinci and his parachute, and to the aerobatics of that seventeenth-century Siamese who amused himself by climbing tall trees and, with two open umbrellas tied to his girdle, descending gently to the ground.

But Mr. Hore-Belisha in the House of Commons on March 8 has no time for speculations. War or no war, it is now understood that since it has been dinned into the civilian that he "forms fours" with the other three national services, it is only fair play that he should know enough about the position of his colleagues to enable him to collaborate with them intelligently. One way and another, he is becoming very intimately concerned with anti-aircraft defence; as member or auxiliary of the Mercantile Marine he is linked to the Navy, and now that the status of the Territorial Army is clarified he is better able to weigh his qualifications as volunteer auxiliary to one or other of the various departments of military service.

GAS RAIDS "NOW UNLIKELY"

SIR J. ANDERSON ON RESULT OF A.R.P.

INCENDIARY BOMBS AS CHIEF PROBLEM

Sir John Anderson, the Lord Privy Seal, speaking last night at the annual dinner of the Institution of Structural Engineers, expressed the opinion that it was "rather unlikely" that gas bombs would be used against Britain if war should come.

Dealing with A.R.P. problems he said: "Having developed protection against

General cheering in the House, which raised a hearty echo across the Channel, greeted the announcement of the Secretary for War that a force of at least nineteen divisions is to be trained and equipped in readiness to be dispatched overseas in the event of war. Thirteen of these divisions are to be drawn from the Territorial Army, restriction to home service no longer differentiating it from the Regular Army. "If we are involved in war our contribution will not be half-hearted, nor upon any theory of limited liability."

The civilian now knows where he stands, and can concentrate on his own subject of home defence. And he can legitimately take hope at the moment from several things, without exposing himself to the charge of dangerous optimism: The deep impression—voiced in various familiar ways—created abroad by our colossal Defence Estimates; the advantage among other rivals in the economic field that Britain's credit holds in stabilising the Chinese dollar and "Spain for the Spanish"; and some unequivocal remarks addressed to Europe quite casually from across the Atlantic. Always provided that we do not take our hand from the plough, the prestige of democracy and the hope of world peace seem to be looking up again.

On left—FOOD FOR THOUGHT: This report of a speech by Sir John Anderson, the Lord Privy Seal, appeared last week. Sir John is trying to make it quite clear that A.R.P. has a big preventative influence

Inglis Sheldon-Williams

WHO WILL BE THE NEXT FRENCH PRESIDENT?

The Chances of Some of the Leading Candidates in the Forthcoming Election Discussed

By JEROME WILLIS

IN a few weeks time the riddle of who will be France's next President will start to solve itself. Though in theory any citizen of the Republic is eligible for election, in practice candidates chosen are usually well-known personalities in the political world.

The election is due for April 10, but because this happens to be Easter Monday, it will be held on April 5. On that date the members of the Senate (equivalent to our own House of Lords) and of the Chamber of Deputies (equivalent to our own House of Commons) will sit in solemn conclave at Versailles and vote for the man who will represent France for the next seven years.

There is talk at the moment of adorning the next President with a new title, "President of the French Empire," for two reasons: firstly to indicate to Italy that France is standing by her Empire, and secondly for the purely domestic reason that the title may awaken the real Empire spirit in the average Frenchman of to-day.

Various names have been mentioned during the last few weeks as possible candidates, and the most popular seems to be that of M. Herriot, President of the Chamber of Deputies. Nevertheless, there are some who think that M. Herriot is too much of a politician to fill the post of President, who should be above party politics. His supporters, however, declare that though the sixty-six-year-old M. Herriot is Left in politics, he is much more a citizen of France than a party politician.

And they further point out that he has arrived at the age when he has given his best to party politics, and can now rise above them.

The next name one hears is that of the seventy-four-year-old M. Jeanneney, President of the Senate. He has followed the recognised rota for the position of President, having previously been President of the Chamber, and now holding the position which is usually regarded as the stepping-stone to the highest position in the State.

M. Albert Sarraut, the sixty-six-year-old Minister of the Interior, is another name whispered in connection with the candidature, but most of his supporters are very Left in politics, and so the political objection again becomes strong. There are many who feel that the present is the wrong time to have as President of the French Republic anyone with very definite Left opinions.

Quite recently there is still another name being mentioned, and that is the smiling Senator Leon Berard, who has been the "liaison officer" between France and Nationalist Spain. M. Berard is a dignified figure, and has a deep interest in the future of France as a first-class power.

But here again there are strong Left objections, for M. Leon Berard (Rightist) is associated in their minds too much with Burgos for them to support him. The Left in France have suffered many defeats during the last few months, both in their domestic and foreign policies, and though their anger has been to a certain extent smoothed over by the one oil that soothes the aggrieved soul of a Frenchman, *c'est pour La Republique*, it is not thought an advisable moment to push them too hard.

And so when one sifts the names mentioned so far in connection with the Presidency, one cannot wonder that some newspapers advocate that M. Albert Lebrun should be prevailed upon to stand again. These newspapers argue that in view of the present tempo of foreign affairs, and the role that France is playing in Europe at the moment, it would be better to make no change in the Presidency.

There would, of course, have to be an election, but there is little doubt that M. Lebrun would return with flying colours. He is a popular and dignified figure, who has filled the role in France's most difficult years since the war. He succeeded the ill-fated President Doumer, who was shot dead by that queer dreamy, half-mad Russian, Paul Gorgouloff.

But the sixty-seven-year-old President Lebrun is not apparently anxious for re-election.

The fact that M. Lebrun has already rented a comfortable flat in a quiet suburb of Paris, where, it is stated, he intends to live with Madame Lebrun, their son and daughter-in-law, looks as if he has already made up his mind. And if Madame Lebrun is to be the deciding factor in whether he will stand for re-election, then he certainly will not. For it is well known in Paris that the plump little Madame Lebrun is tired of State functions and would be glad to return to a quiet domestic bourgeois existence in the suburbs.

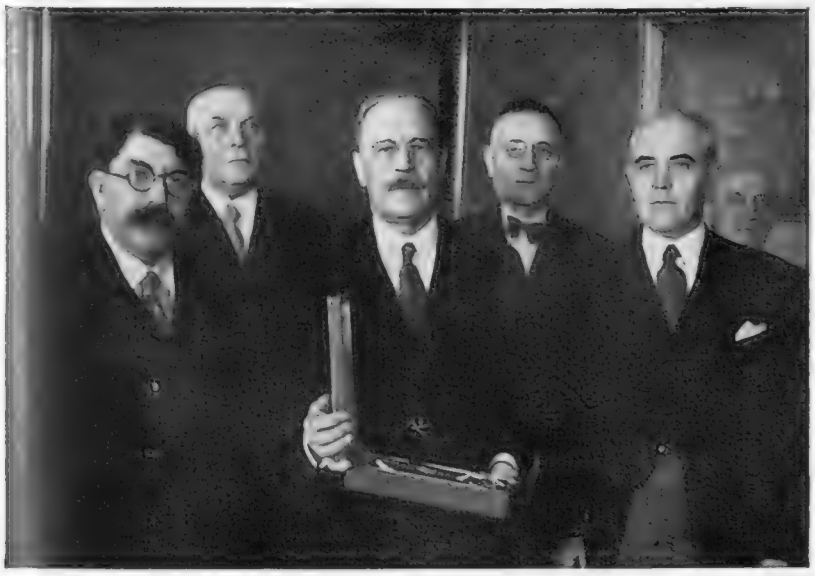
During all the years she has had to act as "hostess number one" in France she has never forgotten the little flat down on the Left Bank, where she and M. Lebrun lived before her husband entered political life. She has kept it going all these years.

It is in a quiet little street near the rue du Bac, and most of the other residents are retired civil servants or colonial officials. Once a week she makes a pilgrimage down there, and the concierge will tell you that she goes into the sitting-room, which still contains the first furniture they bought for their first home, and numerous personal belongings.

And like a good French housewife she goes round dusting those treasured objects herself. It is her holiday from State affairs.

The Political Arena in Eastern Europe

RUMANIA CELEBRATES THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL DICTATORSHIP: Uniformed Cabinet Ministers leading members of the "Front de la Renaissance" in a march through the streets of Bucharest which was watched by King Carol and Crown Prince Michael. It was exactly a year previously that the new constitution came into force and the notorious Iron Guard Party was dissolved. Since then events have moved more smoothly in the country, while the solidarity of the Balkan Entente, which was confirmed at a meeting in Bucharest last month, has tended to place Rumania in a considerably safer position in relation to Nazi Germany

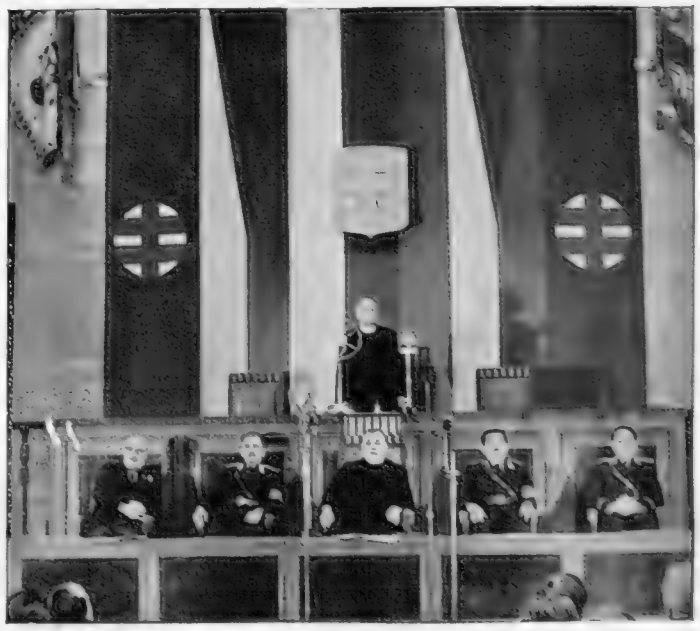


CZECHO-SLOVAKIA HONOURS BRITISH RELIEF ORGANISER: Sir Ronald Macleay (centre) with the Order of the White Lion which has just been presented to him by the Republic for his work in supervising the distribution of the Lord Mayor's Fund for Czech Refugees. Sir Ronald knows Czecho-Slovakia well, as he was Minister in Prague from 1927 to 1929. He was later Ambassador in Buenos Aires

HUNGARIAN YOUTH IN ARMS: A detachment of Budapest schoolgirls undergoing musket drill which is now part of their regular school routine, just as it is for boys. Under the new Army conscription law, unanimously voted by the Chamber of Deputies on January 28, all Hungarians between the ages of 12 and 60 are liable for one of the three grades of military service. Full conscription starts at 18 years

On left—COUNT CIANO IN THE FOREST OF BIALOWIEZA: The Italian Foreign Minister driving with Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, during their hunting trip which was one of the features of the former's recent visit to Poland. His stay brought little satisfaction as it is becoming apparent that Warsaw favours western democracy

On right—SCENE OF FATEFUL DISCUSSIONS: Members of the Ministry pictured on the dais, behind which are the Slovak arms, at a session in Bratislava of the new parliament of Slovakia, autonomous province of the Czecho-Slovak Republic. The Slovaks have of late been behaving in high-handed fashion by making monetary demands on the Federal Government in Prague. At the same time there have been moves toward secession



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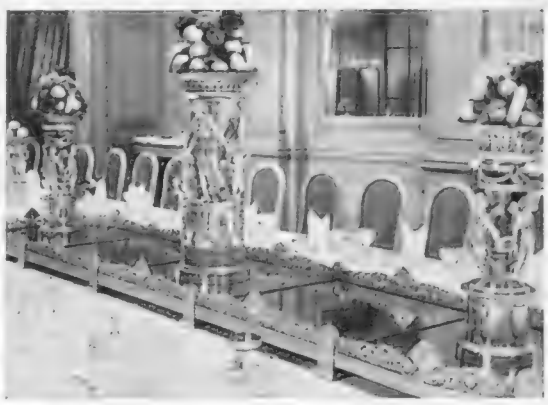
"*The* NEST *of* PAULINE":

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ERIC CLARE EDMUND PHIPPS, P.C., G.C.M.G., C.V.O., Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary in Paris since 1937. A diplomat of outstanding ability, he has been acquainted with France almost all his life and he likes to recall that he was on the Embassy staff, in a very junior capacity, on the day in 1903 when King Edward VII planted a tree to the Entente Cordiale in the Embassy gardens. From 1933 to 1937 Sir Eric was British Ambassador in Berlin

On left—THE PILLARED ENTRANCE HALL of the British Embassy at 39, faubourg St.-Honoré, through the doors of which so many distinguished figures have passed since the brilliant days when the gay living Pauline Bonaparte held court there



THE FAMOUS SERVICE OF GOLD PLATE relic of the Napoleonic era—only appears on the Embassy dining table on very special occasions such as when a King or a President dines with the Ambassador

On right—LADY PHIPPS: The charming chatelaine of 39, faubourg St.-Honoré

PRESENT times should provide as important a chapter in the history of the British Embassy, Paris, as any ambassadorial period of the past in this famous house: 39, faubourg St.-Honoré.

Strolling through its halls and salons the other morning, I confess that in the inevitable battle between the past and the present the past won. The utter quietude may have contributed, also the absence of officials or fuss; at any rate, one's thoughts did not rest on the current drama, rather with the legendary figures who had trodden these same rooms, mounted this same lovely staircase. Mirabeau, Pauline Bonaparte, Wellington, Castlereagh, Talleyrand, Palmerston, Victoria, but names tumble too swiftly one upon the other.

And yet, as the Ambassador indicated an oil painting of a predecessor great-uncle, the Marquis of Normanby, and added: "He wrote a history of the 1848 trouble—it was during his term," I could not help reflecting, "Yes, those were stormy times, especially with 'Pam' rampaging at the other end, yet the Phipps of to-day has the more fateful job." It is quite possible, indeed, that no British Ambassador to France within living memory has had a more fateful job than that which has fallen to Sir Eric Phipps, namely, the holding tightly together of France and Great Britain—the Paris end of that holding—in days when, all are agreed, their falling out one with the other would spell utmost gravity for each.

Even if nothing else had ever happened in this mansion but the regulating of the *France et Angleterre* barometer down five generations, the mercurial performances of that couple, now clashing or suspecting, now admiring, trusting, "L'Hotel de Charost," as it is still sometimes written of, would deserve inclusion among the first dozen houses of the Continent. But how much else has happened in its 215 years!

The wooded plot that one of Louis XV's Governors, the Duc de Charost, acquired in 1723, was situated outside Paris—"in the country." The original building, as designed by the architect Mazin, stands integrally, and if on two occasions considerably added to, the old-world dignity and seclusion of our Embassy has not been tampered with.

Little exciting befell under the Charosts, who were philosophically bent, unless it was the "exciting" materialisation of the original structure itself. There have only been four tenants and it has been pointed out that to each phase corresponded a different atmosphere: eighteenth century philosophical under the Charosts, political with La Marck, *mondaine* with Pauline, and diplomatic under seventeen successive British Ambassadors.

La Marck, a Belgian, nevertheless became vitally wrapped in the last years preceding the French Revolution, and it was he who set afoot the negotiations between the King and Mirabeau who wished to be bought off his anti-Royalist declaiming. The deal was actually done in the Hotel de Charost. The Austrian Ambassador, representing Marie-Antoinette, drove up in state to the front entrance. Mirabeau came in through the garden, at the back. The date, 1789. The terms arranged: the King would pay Mirabeau's £8,000 debts and a sum of £40,000 besides. Such was the opening drama of these few historic *hectares*.

The next we hear of them is their acquisition in 1803 by Napoleon's lovely, passionate and audacious youngest sister, Paulette. A tempestuous youth had brought two broken engagements before Paulette married General Leclerc and sailed for the West Indies with him, where he promptly left her a very merry young widow. Returning to Paris, Paulette became the more modish "Pauline" and acquired the Hotel de Charost for £12,000 which she raised from friends or from the First Consular treasury. And there proceeded to sprout into being the legendary "nest of Pauline," nest of wildness and of lovers, of fêtes and balls and extravagances arranged without regard of cost, but also of great brilliance and elegance, as exemplified in Pauline's own artistic side: she it was who assembled most of the art treasures and décor that grace the Embassy to this day.

Pauline quickly acquired a husband of convenience in the Prince Borghese who was not to show himself around much in the hectic eleven years that were to follow. The mansion became L'Hotel Borghese and Pauline put her own imprint on it, which survives yet. Pauline was the summit of a licentious decade with few parallels, she was maintained there by her omnipotent and affectionate brother, and she gave fullest conceivable rein to the senses. Like every other visitor, I was taken to Pauline's bedroom (she seems to have had others on the premises) but there was, alas, no beholding the marvellous bathroom whither Pauline would be carried in pink negligée to a milk bath by an ebony manservant, husband of one of the mistress's maids. Pauline said that the milk bath (costing but 10 francs) bucked her up, in addition to its maintaining a skin and a form that was to captivate Canova. You see the result to-day in the celebrated nude of the Villa Borghese, Rome. Pauline, by the way, had an original habit of circulating among her feminine guests in the nude.

There was little slowing up until 1813 when we find Pauline writing from such places as Aix and Hyères, usually to insist that certain rooms and *armoires* at the Hotel Borghese be kept locked should the Prince pop in. Then came Elba and a swift ending: Pauline sold mansion and contents for £32,000 to the Duke of Wellington, cautiously acting without full Government consent in wake of the victorious allied campaign of 1814; after which this fantastic creature faded prematurely out, to die aged forty-five, in Florence, in the arms of the husband she had so spurned. Yet, besides that "Venus Victorious," in Rome,

The Romance of the British Embassy in Paris, Where Napoleon's Sister Made Merry, Mirabeau Did a Deal, and a Long Line of Ambassadors Has Held Distinguished Sway

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Pauline had left an imperishable memory at the chief British Embassy, and one that should not be erased, come ever such an austere envoy to the faubourg St.-Honoré. Lord Lytton has not been the only Ambassador who has dreamt, on the spot, of "*Le nid de Pauline*" or who has sat reflectively by the chestnut tree beneath which it pleased Pauline to have the vapours when she desired to be borne to her refreshing bath.

The Duke's brief period was more an interlude of gay living than an embassy when Marshals and their mistresses prominently mounted the famous staircase. The English were popular with those who had welcomed the return of the Bourbons, and this was manifest in the social invasion of the Embassy.

Deserted during the Hundred Days, after Waterloo the real sequence of ambassadors began with Sir Charles Stuart who actually concluded the purchase from Pauline, which included the famous service of gold plate, gift of Napoleon to his sister, and which is brought out only on the most glamorous occasions).

The Embassy became gradually merged with French history as Charles X, Louis XVIII, the Prince-President, arrived on the scene. These were the days of the Granvilles of (the now returned) Lord Stuart of Rothsay, of the Marquis of Normanby. Of these perhaps the Granvilles left the major imprint—Lady Granville on departing dedicated a poem beginning "Farewell, old house."

Something of a new era was ushered in with the advent of Lord Cowley, in 1852. The Second Empire immediately became a reality, and shortly after, Queen Victoria and her Prince Consort were visiting Napoleon and Eugénie, and staying at the Embassy the while. Modern times had arrived. Queen Victoria grew to be very fond of the Embassy, and in the sixties, when two wings were added, a dining-room and a ballroom, the latter received a throne and a wonderful Gobelins carpet. To-day a bust of "the Old Queen" looks across the carpet at a solitary throne which stands approximately where once was—the boudoir of Pauline.

One of Lord Cowley's duties during his tenancy of fifteen years would be to keep his Foreign Minister *au courant* with the latest spicy Paris gossip. "You would do an agreeable thing to me, and to a much higher personage, if you would write me sometimes an amusing letter," wrote Clarendon, with clear reference to the Imperial amours of the period.

A very different envoy and regime appeared with Lord Lyons, in 1867. Of naval family, Lyons was a typical squire. A bachelor, a total abstainer, a man "with no vices," Lyons fortunately had a weakness for magnificence that redeemed matters. His were the most wonderful *équipages* in Paris, and his banquets were unsurpassed.

Lord Lyons had to leave for Tours and Bordeaux at the siege of 1870, when the Prussians occupied the Embassy without doing any hurt to it. When the Ambassador returned, he increasingly kept to his desk and in his closing years hardly left the Embassy at all. Two years before Lyons died in harness, Henri Rochefort tried to lead Parisians to storm the Embassy—with Boulangisme,

THE EMBASSY'S BALLROOM has a throne at one end and a magnificent Gobelins carpet added in Queen Victoria's day. *On right*—The bedchamber of Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon Bonaparte, who held court in the building and later sold it at a profit to the Duke of Wellington

THE AMBASSADOR pictured in the Paris Embassy

EN FAMILLE: Sir Eric Phipps with his wife and two of his six children. Sir Eric's first wife was French. She died in 1909, two years after their marriage

Franco-British relations had reached their worst point for many decades. Yet, as showing how quickly the French change, a public funeral, unique honour, was accorded the next envoy, only four years later. This was Lord Lytton, who loved every minute he lived in "the nest of Pauline" and was himself held in high esteem by Parisians for the cultural brilliance that he brought to the Embassy.

And so we come down to the present day through half-a-dozen or more further ambassadors, the slender, magnetic Dufferin, Sir Edmond Monson, who got into hot water for asking the French to stop their "policy of pinpricks," Lord Bertie, who was fortunate enough to be at the Embassy for the Entente policy of King Edward. Bertie remained until 1918. He had smarted at being left too much out in the cold during the novel war diplomacy pressed forward by Mr. Lloyd George and others. Bertie was the last of a breed that bluntly spoke its mind, as he did on an historic occasion in the Embassy in telling Lord Kitchener it was not his (Kitchener's) business to go and review troops at the front, which were under the command of Sir John French.

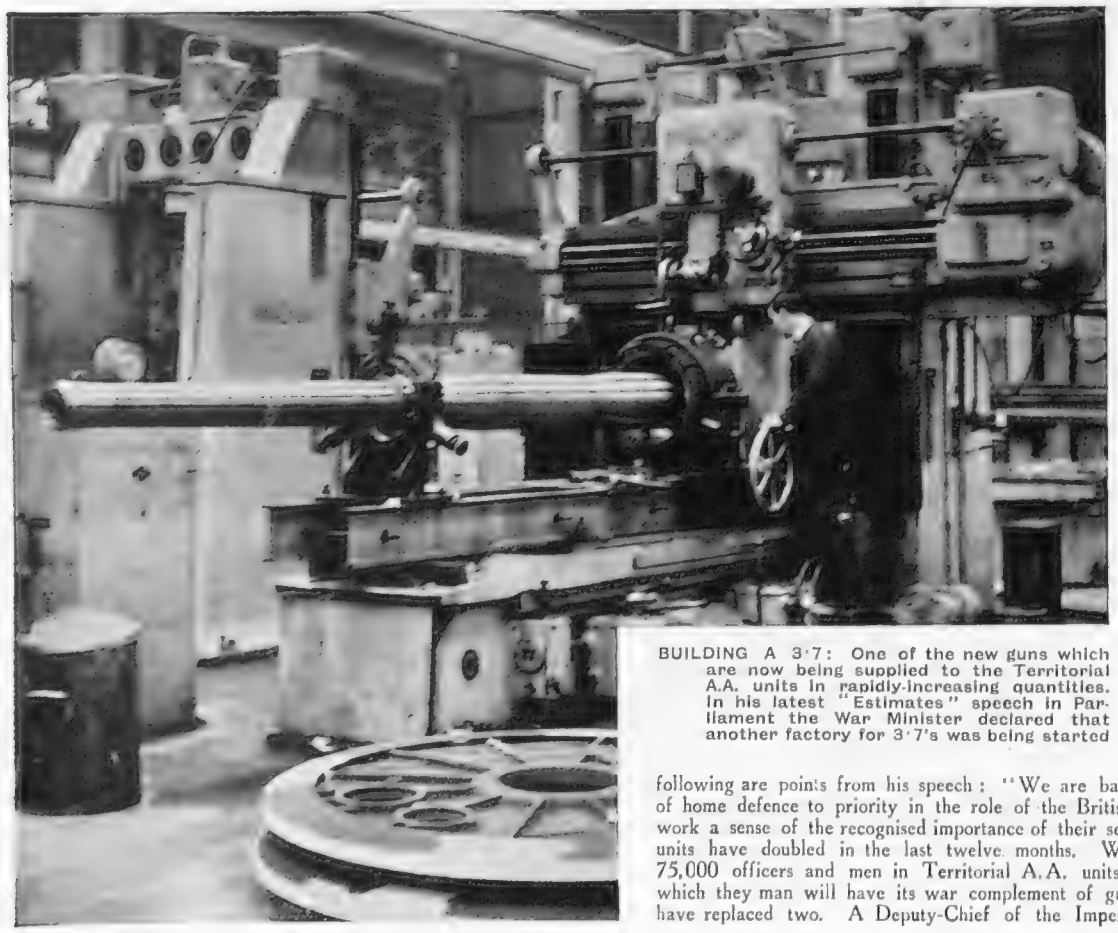
Lord Derby's brief presence was beloved by Paris. It was also indicated, in order to make up a certain leeway in Anglo-French relations. Lord Derby, *bon vivcur* and lover of the Turf, brought back to Parisians something of King Edward. It was under the succeeding Ambassador, Lord Hardinge, that I first made acquaintance with the "nest of Pauline," to wit, at the annual garden party that is given to 2,000 each July. This is when the favoured of the British colony can rub shoulders with *le Tout Paris*, or with a good deal of it.

Followed the Marquis of Crewe for a longer spell, when much entertaining was done, and then a reversion to quieter times under another "career diplomat" in Lord Tyrrell. A brief three years with Sir George Clerk, and so to the current ambassadorship of Sir Eric Phipps.

At the head of a very important staff, Sir Eric, small, monocled, neatly debonair, has been acquainted with France almost all his life, and married a Frenchwoman as his first wife. H.E. likes to recall that he was on the Embassy staff, in a very junior capacity, the day in May, 1903, when King Edward planted a tree to the Entente in the Embassy gardens. That tree is to-day flourishing, and may the work that our Ambassador is doing flourish alongside of it, such a very great deal does depend on what comes out of the "*nid de Pauline*" these days.

BRITAIN MAKES BIG STRIDES IN ANTI-AIRCRAFT

LOADING UP A 4·5: This is one of the new and larger guns in Britain's growing ground defence system against aircraft. Intended for use in a fixed position, the 4·5, which weighs 16 tons on its turntable base, has a heavy armoured shield to protect its mechanism and those who serve it, yet it can be lifted and mounted on to axles ready for moving in less than half an hour. Its range and trajectory are almost the same as those in the 3·7, but the weight of the shell is much more and the radius of destruction after bursting is correspondingly greater



BUILDING A 3·7: One of the new guns which are now being supplied to the Territorial A.A. units in rapidly-increasing quantities. In his latest "Estimates" speech in Parliament the War Minister declared that another factory for 3·7's was being started

WHEN the Secretary of State for War, Mr. Hore-Belisha, introduced the Army Estimates in the House of Commons on March 9 he painted a highly satisfactory picture of Britain's present state of preparedness, and in particular impressed his hearers with what he had to say about home defence. The following are points from his speech: "We are back where we were before Mr. Haldane's time. The restoration of home defence to priority in the role of the British Army has given conclusively to those engaged in anti-aircraft work a sense of the recognised importance of their service and has stimulated recruiting. The numbers in anti-aircraft units have doubled in the last twelve months. We are on the verge of a financial year in which we start with 75,000 officers and men in Territorial A.A. units; a year during which every existing medium and heavy battery which they man will have its war complement of guns and every searchlight company its searchlights. Five divisions have replaced two. A Deputy-Chief of the Imperial General Staff now co-ordinates all our anti-aircraft activities.

GROUND DEFENCE : The New 4·5's and their Fixed Emplacements

THE HEIGHT- AND RANGE-FINDER: This instrument—a thick cylinder about 16 ft. long—is an essential to every anti-aircraft battery in our ground defence system and, in common with the guns, is set up within its own protective concrete enclosure. *On left*—The sound detector is so sensitive that it is possible to find out the direction of approach of enemy planes long before they come into sight, thus giving an A.A. battery ample time to get the guns ready

THE EYES OF OUR AIR DEFENCE: A telescopic range-finder in its concrete emplacement. These emplacements, says Mr. Hore-Belisha, are rapidly being prepared round our coasts, and in the new Army Estimates £2,500,000 is to be spent in setting up permanent sites, including accommodation for the men

"More concrete emplacements have been and are being prepared and more guns will be kept upon their sites. Special accommodation is being provided for troops where their situations in isolated areas can be predetermined, and likewise huts, where necessary, for the units of our coast defence. The cost of these structures is £2,500,000. The establishment of five divisions, instead of two, was a great enlargement. We shall go further. We now propose to add two more divisions. There will thus be seven anti-aircraft divisions. The Corps will be made into a Command and its commander will become G.O.C. Anti-Aircraft Command. He will

(Continued above on right)

(Continued from below on left)

have an increased staff. The D.C.I.G.S. at the War Office will be known as Director-General A.A. and Coast Defence.

"We are beginning this advance forthwith. Additional officers and men will be required. The capital cost of these measures is in excess of £30,000,000. The new batteries to be formed will require forthwith and will receive their training quota of equipment. We have started a new factory for 3·7's, and production will begin this autumn. The main equipment for our light A.A. Batteries will be, as the House will know, a 40-mm. gun of Swedish design, for which we acquired last year the rights of production at home. Deliveries from this source will begin in the autumn. Meanwhile we have purchased a quantity from abroad. We have released the whole of the Territorial Field Force for association with the Regular Field Army. The procreation, as it were, of a separate anti-aircraft and coast defence army out of the Territorial body has been an enormous accretion of our military strength."

LIGHTNING CALCULATION: A predictor, which is seen in its emplacement in the foreground of this picture, is an ingenious instrument working in conjunction with the height- and range-finder. From data supplied electrically by the latter the predictor plots out the course and speed of approaching aircraft and in turn electrically instructs the various gunlayers

TESTING TIME

A Survey of Current Conditions in the Government of India Act May the Lives of Men and Women of

CATTLE TETHERED IN THE STREET cause no surprise in the ever-thronged native quarter of Benares, one of the seven Sacred Cities of the Hindus. It is consequently a great place of pilgrimage, no less than 1,000,000 people visiting its shrines every year

MEMBERS OF THE BOMBAY CABINET, becoming cricket-Hindus and the Rest; a game made notable by individual score reached a double century the vast

ON the subject of recent happenings in India the most voracious appetite for news must control itself in the interest of discretion. Viewed in their relation to present world affairs in general, the issues at stake are too momentous to risk the inadvertent distortion of such information as is available and thereby to play into propagandist hands engaged in muddying the waters of conciliation. But some attempt to review what is common knowledge can be only to the good if it does no more than put our facts to the test and help to place things in better perspective.

It is natural that there should be efforts to try the mettle of the Government of India Act. The attempt, for instance, by two Congress Prime Ministers to force their Governors to release all political prisoners at two hours' notice was a deliberate trial of strength. The Viceroy stood firm, and showed that he meant business. No general resignations followed to back up the action of the United Provinces and Bihar, but similar sparring matches must be expected.

NO STOPPING THEM: The Marchioness of Linlithgow, India's Vicereine, presenting the trophy to the Maharaja of Jaipur after he and his colleagues in the Jaipur team had won the Indian Polo Association's Championship for the seventh year in succession. They beat the hard-playing Guides Cavalry in the Calcutta final by the decisive margin of 14 goals to 4

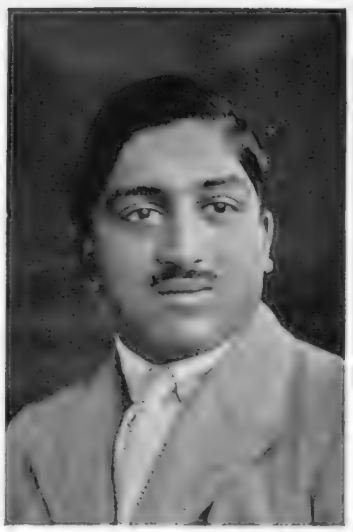
Great Britain is in active sympathy with India's natural and legitimate aspirations. She merely seeks to inculcate a wholesome system of gradualness in their attainment. As elsewhere, her inexhaustible patience is a little baffling to Congress which wants complete separation at once from Great Britain as a first preliminary before entering into negotiations with her.

This is a reckless courage that must be admired. For on the strength of certain admirable exercises in partial responsibility Congress without a qualm envisages within its hands a huge aggregation of diverse Oriental communities and states working together in a pacific co-ordination that is still the dream of Europe's idealists. It assumes outsiders willing to look on benevolently and disinterestedly while it wrestles with a task that proved too great for the model republics of ancient Greece; for the genius of a Charlemagne; and which was only achieved by democratic North America after a long and disastrous civil war from which other countries elected to stand aloof

This is the policy, playing straight into the hands of the modern dictator, that the Indian Nationalists advocate for 250 millions of people steeped in the traditions of feudalism, nursing long-suppressed feuds and innumerable religious beliefs. The while outsiders at their doors watch for the chance to substitute for the benevolent administration of the British Raj the doubtful blessings that follow in the wake of penetration, peaceful and otherwise, by opportunists with an eye to the loaves and fishes at least as keen as our own, and, barely conceivably, with fewer scruples than cramped the style of a Warren Hastings.

But apart from all "outsiders"—including ourselves—and forgetting for the moment all ideological theories about rights of self-determination, there obtrudes itself the question whether there is anything that resembles a united India at all that desires it, or whether a multitude of native elements at cross purposes sees in it the chance of a long era of intrigue and manœuvre dear to the Oriental mind, which are a pleasing game when "out of office," so to speak, but a very different matter when full national responsibility is assumed. The situation in Burma to-day, for example, gives a fair picture of what might be expected to ensue if all India enjoyed a full measure of self-determination before she was schooled to bear it.

For the last six months, Burmese areas directly controlled by the Governor have been entirely free from riot and sedition, whereas those which have obtained a very large degree of self-government with representative institutions have been "plagued by all sorts of disturbances," ranging from sanguinary racial conflicts to the senseless staging of school strikes. The interim report of the Burma Riots Committee, published at the end of January, shows that much of the discontent is justified by the prevalence of absentee landlordism and of that old perennial scourge, the grip of the moneylender on the land, both abuses turned to account by the Thakin organisation that combines Communism with Nationalism.



THE SUCCESSION IN BARODA: Maharaja Kumar Pratapsinhji (*left*) who has just succeeded his grandfather (*right*) and plans to carry on the latter's enlightened policy of reform. The new Maharaja is thirty years old and was educated at the famous Rajkumar College. He has visited England several times, the last occasion being in the autumn of 1938

RESTING-PLACE OF A POTENTATE: The renowned Kirti Mandir, the memorial temple in which now repose the ashes of the late Maharaja of Baroda who died recently in Bombay at the age of seventy-five years after a reign of sixty-four years. He was reputed to be one of the wealthiest princes of India, possessing an income of at least £2,000,000 a year

Sir Archibald Cochrane, Governor of Burma, addressing the Legislature on February 9, said he did not think the democratic system had failed, but he implied a lack of the firm hand in administering it. "Every constitution," he said, "must

IN INDIA:

the Great Sub-Continent where Be a Co-ordinating Force in Differing Race and Creed

conscious, watch a recent match between the big innings of Amarnath. When his crowd invaded the pitch to acclaim him

STATE TROOPS PATROL JAIPUR: A scene in the city following the recent riots in which eight Muslims, two Hindus, and one police officer lost their lives. The trouble was directly due to the Nationalist agitation for power in the princely states—a movement that the princes are resisting. There have been very similar troubles at Rajkot

PASSING OF A PRO-CONSUL: The procession on its way to St. John's Church, Calcutta, after the lying-in-state. A scene at the funeral of Lord Brabourne, Governor of Bengal, whose death has robbed India of one of its ablest administrators and most popular figures. Last summer he was acting Viceroy during the absence of Lord Linlithgow

A MEMORY OF LORD BRABOURNE: The late Governor of Bengal (third from left) pictured with the Viceroy and Vicereine and Lady Marjorie Erskine in a formal group taken during the last Christmas house-party at Government House, Calcutta. Lord Brabourne's rise was meteoric, for it was only eight years ago that he entered Parliament as the member for Ashford

first gain authority and then use authority. When the elementary rights of the people to carry on their normal pursuits in peace have been threatened by attempts to set up mob law it is inevitable that in restoring order the Government should have to use means which may temporarily restrict some of the privileges normally enjoyed by the populace."

Flouting authority at Mandalay on February 10 was the direct cause of twenty-four persons being killed and sixty-nine injured. According to Reuter, the police fired on an unruly procession of 20,000 who had assembled in defiance of an order prohibiting a demonstration.

At Cawnpore a grave situation arose on the evening of Saturday, February 11, and on the following Sunday, twenty-two persons being killed and 200 injured in communal riots. Normal life was paralysed, the curfew was enforced, and the police, who had warned the public that they had orders to fire if necessary, fired six times. That the riot was due, as alleged, to tension between Muslims and Hindus, who persisted in playing their music in front of a mosque, carries its own significance.

Meanwhile, Congress itself, opposed to the princes, is divided against itself. Mr. Gandhi is prominent again, affecting an increasing virulence about the Indian states that is described as a "sad decline," and a "disquieting drift towards exaggeration and intolerance," the eagerness of the National Press to endorse and elaborate all that he propounds increasing the danger of his numerous allegations. As example, he issues without substantiation the purported "gist" of a confidential conversation between Sir Beauchamp St. John, Prime Minister of Jaipur, and a Congress barrister, alleging that Sir Beauchamp St. John indicated that his reply to a non-violent movement at Jaipur would be the "machine-gun."

This in face of Sir Beauchamp St. John's flat denial and his intimation that "publishing would evoke suitable action." The technique of the libel recalls the bazaar rumour at Jubbulpore in 1903 that the Empress of India had requisitioned the sacrifice of 400 girl babies in celebration of the Delhi Coronation Durbar.

Troubles in Jaipur and Rajkot are said to be due to the princes co-ordinating their effort to resist the inroads of the campaign in their states by the Nationalists, who are endeavouring to stampede them into policies dictated by the Congress Party, which demands that remedies applied in the states must be those suggested to the Paramount Power by Congress, thus ignoring the point of view of the princes, who on their part refuse to have their future policies and status determined for them by Congress, even in conjunction with the Paramount Power On the part of the Muslims there is deepening resentment throughout the country towards the growing political arrogance of Congress with its claim to be the sole exponent of all Nationalist opinion. The princes appear to await passively the solution of their problems by the Paramount Power, which on the other hand has suggested that they should take the opportunity to initiate their own reforms.

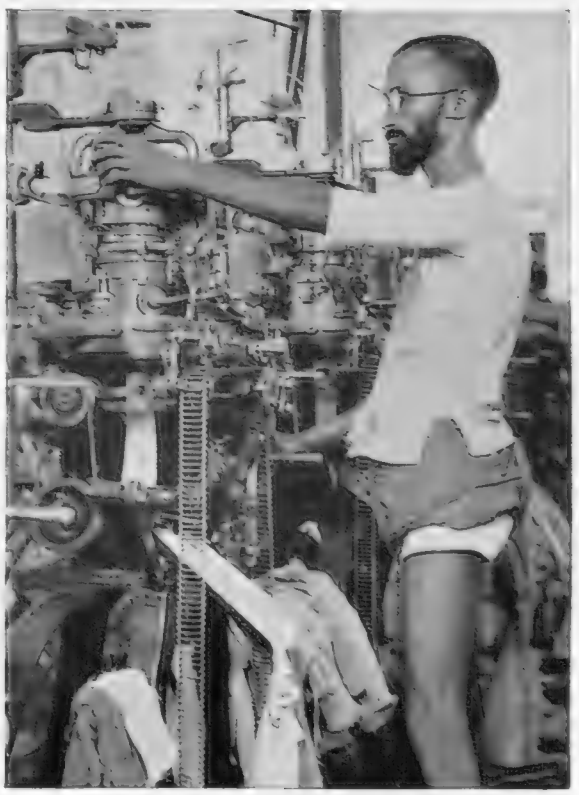
Finally, widespread attention has been drawn to a resolution passed by the Bengal Provincial Conference of the Congress Party which demands that the British Government should cancel the scheme of Federation for India, and that a new treaty embodying a new Constitution should be negotiated between the British Government and the Congress Party. A bid for self-determination outright which "presupposes national conditions in India which do not exist, and a unity which the Congress extremists are themselves doing all in their power to dissipate."

Turning from the political to the industrial and economic field, we find a factor of new interest presenting itself in India's social life. It has been pointed out that while there is little prospect in the India of the future, with its strong nationalistic sentiment, for the manufacturing enterprise financed and directed from abroad, there is an immense field for the association of British technical skill and experience with Indian capital and direction. This should go a long way towards solving the serious problem of the inability of the established professions, such as Government service, medicine and the law, to absorb the output of schools and universities where educational courses have been hitherto primarily the training ground for such professions, to the exclusion of adequate training for a commercial career which is still assumed to carry with it a sense of social inferiority, resembling conditions in England some fifty years ago, but aggravated in India by the tyranny of caste.

To-day a suggestion of social inferiority no longer attaches itself to a commercial career in England, and the same thing will happen in India once it is demonstrated that industry and commerce can offer better financial prospects than can be found in the professions. Schools and universities will adjust their educational courses accordingly, and there will be no lack of recruits for whom the dawn of an industrial era in India will bring special opportunities, young industries being much more susceptible to improvements and new ideas than those that have been long established.

In Calcutta there was considerable business activity early in February in consequence of an order from Britain for 200,000,000 jute sandbags with the prospect of further orders to follow.

Inglis Sheldon-Williams



WHAT LANCASHIRE DID YESTERDAY India is emulating to-day in the realm of industry, and here we see an operative working in an Indian-owned hosiery factory at Cawnpore. In a day he can turn out fifty or sixty pairs of socks which can be marketed at well below the prices of similar goods imported from England

SHE SHALL HAVE STOCKINGS:

In this Article Noel Thompson Continues His Survey of Great Industries by Telling of the Marvels of Silk and Artificial Silk Stocking Production

ALMOST HUMAN: This new type, single-unit machine knits twenty-four high-grade, fully-fashioned stockings at the same time, completing the operation in under one hour. Usually separate machines must be used for leg and foot

THE next time that I go into a shop with a companion to buy silk stockings I shall be able to do so with a sense of confidence. As she slips a dainty hand inside a pair of stockings to see the colouring, and remarks, disparagingly, "It looks as though there is a fault here," I could reply, but hope I should not, "My dear, there always is a fault." And I should be right. As you will have realised, I have been delving into the great industry, the silk and artificial silk stocking trade, which has developed so fantastically in the last twenty years. And one of the first facts I elucidated was that, according to the trade experts, an absolutely perfect stocking has never been produced. You and I, if we had the patience, might examine 10,000 pairs and pass them as perfect. We should need a very powerful microscope to spot a flaw.

Altogether, there are well over 1,000,000 minute stitches in a stocking. The finest machines in the world cannot guarantee not to make a microscopic mistake once in 1,000,000 operations.

But let us start at the beginning. I motor four or five miles to an industrial suburb to visit a really modern silk factory. I find a vast red-brick building with huge, light, airy windows along the length of it. I drive through a green garden and take a deep breath preparatory to being whirled into a mass of machinery and figures. The figures come first, for the girls are just streaming out for their noon break. Mostly young, they look smart and healthy in their white coats with collars coloured differently, according to which section of work they do.

About 800 of the 1,600 workers will go to the large canteen for refreshment. Some may have brought their own, or some may go home. These girls, who usually work on a bonus system, can earn enviable money. But now we are in the factory proper. Under a glass roof there are rows and rows of machines, each with a bewildering array of whirling many-coloured cones (that is cone-shaped bobbins) and clicking needles. There are 300 needles to each machine, knitting away fairly silently for dear life. Stockings in various stages are evolving busily. In contrast the girls are calmly and coolly looking after the machines, collecting the crude-looking embryo stockings—chrysalis was the simile which immediately jumped to mind—and examining them carefully. (Examination No. 1.) These are the cheaper brands, I am told, and stockings are being made at the rate of one every eight minutes. They are in various shades of red, green, purple, or yellow to distinguish the grades, and look most unwearable. As I watch I realise how system makes it possible for this factory to turn out 250,000 pairs of stockings a week!

The machines are graded to make various sizes, but the machines are human. They like to be fed with the same strength of yarn, thread, or filament; they must be kept at the same temperature in case the delicate metal expands or contracts. This temperature is a steady 80 deg. And each stocking which so gracefully drapes a lady's leg contains over 7,000 yards of thread, or about 4 miles. Without being indelicate and going into details of other garments, the average woman is carrying some 25 miles about with her daily! And now for the great department where the "fully-fashioned" or more costly stockings are made. These machines, the most modern in the world, have been developed over the past 130 years.

A series of developments have brought them to their present pitch. It is odd that to an English clergyman named Lee goes the basic patent, when the Church has so often inveighed against the vanity

ON THE LOOPING MACHINES the two heel pieces and the toe of the stocking are joined together. After this operation the foot and leg are seamed

of these garments. The narrowing principle was invented by a man with the unsuitable name of Cotton. It is the same system as the old workman with his foot treadle used, the same that Queen Victoria used to have her silk stockings made by; but now one man and two assistants can look after two machines producing forty-eight stockings simultaneously.

We have to go back to the old-fashioned pianola roll to describe how these amazing machines work. Just as the length of the slots in a pianola roll control the music, so the distances apart of brass knobs on a long, slowly-moving chain control the shaping, sizes,

LOOSE ENDS LEFT BY THE MACHINES are neatly removed before a stocking is sent to the dyeing room

and varying threads in the stockings. These knobs change the tempo of the needles as the stocking narrows, or as the turning of the heel is reached or the knitting of the toe. It is all superhumanly clever, and yet somehow quite simple.

After this stage we get the stitching of the seams—the women demand them even if they have to be artificially sewn on—and the stitching of the heels and toes. Here we get individual examination of every stocking (No. 2). I noticed bags of stockings bundled at the side. Round the neck of each bundle is tied a label with a number.

Supposing in Penzance, or Aberdeen, you buy a nice box of stockings. You find grounds for complaint. Inside each box is a number, and all that is necessary is to return this number to the makers and they can trace where the trouble lies. First, the corresponding label number is sought. On it are the initials of six people through whose hands that pair of stockings has passed, in this order: the knitter, heel-looper, footer, toe-looper, seamer, and finally, inspector (No. 3 inspection).

So the blame is traced for faulty workmanship, or passing a fault. There are, in fact, three standards of stockings: the best, for general sale; the sub-standard, which are sold at cheap rates, and finally the rejects which you may find cheap-jacks selling in market places, but with no branded name. These last may have quite minor faults, but no stocking is worth while repairing in the factory. And so to the dye-house where they are boiled and left according to the strength of the dye. And our old friends bromo or Epsom salts help to fix the dye. Then come the two rinsers and a fascinating machine, the high-speed circular drier.

The stockings are wedged soaking wet into a kind of tub until the tub appears completely full. Then at the touch of a lever the tub revolves, quicker, quicker and quicker. Just when you wonder how fast it can revolve, that is after 40 secs., it is stopped. Centrifugal force has whirled the stockings to the walls of the tub and the centre is empty. Every drop of moisture has been squeezed out without a human hand touching them. This dye-house can manage 300 dozen pairs at a time in one dye and produce 360,000 pairs a week, if necessary. And yet it is not more than 30 yards square. And so, following a conveyor belt, I make my way, slightly bemused, to the drying-room upstairs.

It would appear that 1,000,000 chorus girls are lying on their backs weaving patterns with their silk-stockinged legs. I then discover that innumerable artificial legs are being passed on conveyor belts before girls who are examining each stocking (No. 4) as it dries. The "legs" are heated, and the now nearly completed stockings are drying from the inside. This produces a dull gloss which the present fashion seems to prefer. About 90 per cent. of stockings have a dull finish, which is surprising. On the other hand, there are stores which will sell only glossy stockings that really look like silk, but they are in a minority. And so to the pairing department, rows of girls measuring and pairing the stockings to the exact length. A skilful job this, calling for about nine months initial training. And everywhere I see a little ticket numbering, checking, these 250,000 pairs of gossamer each week. And remember each of those pairs is finished off by hand; loose ends are sewn before the final examination (No. 5).

AFTER THE STOCKINGS HAVE BEEN DYED they are dried on these smooth, warm aluminium forms and at the same time a close inspection is made with a view to finding any imperfections in the machining

A hot iron stamps on the transfer name of the brand (and a label), worked by a girl at the rate of fifty a minute. And so to the packing. Here I study the names of the shades. Each name must convey an idea, if possible romantic, and also must try to give a rough idea of the shade. It must be short and easily remembered. Try to work some out for yourself. I tried with such suggestions as "dusk," "early morning," "sunshine," "happy," "midday," but found some had been used by other firms and others did not "read" well. French names are not popular—they get mispronounced and misunderstood.

THE COMPLETED STOCKINGS are measured for regulation length and again examined for flaws before being paired off and sent to the dispatch department

"How *do* you think of the names?" I ask my guide, the youthful and efficient sales manager. "Oh, we discuss them in conference," he said. Can you imagine these business men discussing such ethereal themes? Now for some final figures. The average girl, it is estimated, throughout the country, spends 2s. a week on her silk stockings.

Probably 15,000,000 women and girls wear silk stockings. And the consumption of silk stockings (by which, of course, I include artificial silk) amounts to the colossal figure of over 150,000,000 pairs a year. That is why it is a great industry. But "It makes you fink, don't it?" as a famous comedian remarks.

HABITUÉS OF THE STONE GALLERY:

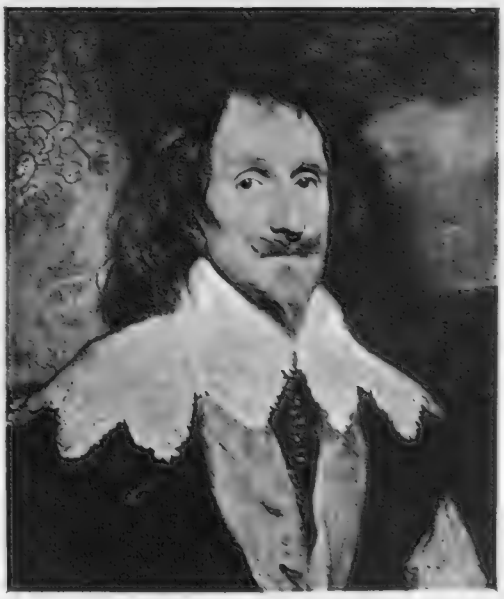
Men Who Walked, Talked, and Gossiped in Old Whitehall Palace

THE GREAT DILETTANTE: George Villiers, 2nd Duke of Buckingham, was one of the many figures who walked, talked, and gossiped in the Stone Gallery, famous meeting place in Whitehall Palace—the home of England's Tudor and Stuart monarchs which is now being excavated by the Office of Works

A GALLANT OF THE TOWN: John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester, was a boon companion of Charles II and a familiar personage within the precincts of old Whitehall Palace. With a gift for writing delicate verse of a satirical nature, his wit made him a general favourite, while his escapades and his non-stop mode of living gave the gossips plenty to discuss. He died in 1680

STAUNCH ALLY OF THE MONARCHY: Van Dyck's portrait of James, 4th Duke of Lennox; another outstanding figure in Stuart England and, as a polished courtier, a frequent stroller in the Stone Gallery at Whitehall Palace, rendezvous of poets and politicians, wits and masters of intrigue, and, indeed, all the leading figures of the age

On right—
A STORMY PETREL OF THE STUART COURT: A detail of Van Dyck's portrait of Philip, 4th Earl of Pembroke, in his early days the favourite of James I, who heaped honour after honour upon him, later the Lord Chamberlain to the household of Charles I, and finally, such was his fear that the Royalist cause was bound to lose, an outspoken adherent of the Parliamentarians. With his rough manners and speech Pembroke found many enemies and in the days when he was Chancellor of Oxford University it seemed that every wit and pamphleteer in England made him a target. After the defeat of the Royalists he was created a member of the first council of state, his reputation at this time standing very high with his new colleagues. His son, the fifth earl, also sided with the Parliament but made his peace with Charles II at the Restoration



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THE LIVING DRAMA

A FATEFUL MOMENT IN ROYAL HISTORY: When Henry VIII visited York Place, the spacious home of Cardinal Wolsey, and there met the beautiful Anne Boleyn. On both house and maid-of-honour the King cast envious eyes; making the one his Palace of Whitehall, when the great Cardinal fell, and making the other his wife in the stead of ill-starred Queen Katharine. Shakespeare describes Henry's visit to York Place in Act 1 of *Henry VIII*, and the above picture was taken at His Majesty's Theatre, London, in 1910 when a very fine rendering of the play was given, with brilliant Arthur Bourchier in the title role

THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I: The dramatic picture by Ernest Crofts depicting the fallen monarch as he prepared to meet his death in the precincts of Whitehall Palace. The scaffold is believed to have been erected near the windows of the Banqueting Hall

The story of Whitehall Palace, where excavations are now being carried out by the Office of Works, and illustrations of which have appeared in recent issues of THE SPHERE, *is essentially bound up with the Tudors and Stuarts. Henry VIII was the first monarch to reside there, having taken the place from the fallen Wolsey, and with the flight of James II came its twilight. Less than ten years after the accession of Dutch William a disastrous fire razed much of the Palace to the ground. In the following article there is sketched briefly some of the great events that took place in Whitehall in Tudor and Stuart days, while reproduced on these pages are historic pictures recording phases of the living drama of this famed palace of our kings and queens.*

THE pictorial quality of the Tudor and Stuart periods has attracted many artists to portray some of the outstanding events which took place in Whitehall Palace. In these historical pictures the people who lived and moved in that rambling picturesque palace on the riverside are brought to life.

The outstanding moment in the history of the Palace was the execution of King Charles I, a representation of which has been painted by Ernest Crofts.

A young man who was in the crowd wrote that he saw the fatal blow struck, "at the instant whereof, I remember wel, there was such a grone by the thousands there present, as I never heard before and desire I may never hear again."

The death of Cromwell presents a picture of a quiet scene, but of great dramatic force, of the passing of the Lord Protector who had ruled England as a military dictator. His last days had been saddened by the death of his favourite daughter, Elizabeth Claypole, who had died after much suffering. He himself had been ill with gout and other disorders and much worn by his sorrow when he arrived for the last time at Whitehall in the late August of 1658. After a day or so of resistance, he realised that his end was near. His deathbed was visited by various ministers of religion who prayed with him. From his dying lips the watchers by the bedside heard him pray:

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. . . ."

THE FALL OF CLARENDON: E. M. Ward's famous picture of Charles II's faithful but arrogant Minister leaving Whitehall Palace after the final interview with the King who, failing to persuade him to resign, was forced to relieve him of office. Clarendon spent the last seven years of his life in exile, during which he wrote the *History of the Rebellion*, one of the world's great books. He died in Rouen

A great storm had raged during the days that the Protector lay dying—trees had been torn up, houses blown down, the wind had howled round the Palace. Secretary Thurloe approached the bedside and asked who was to be the successor. A paper had been sealed, containing the name of the successor, a year before, but no search revealed it. On the night before he died Cromwell is said to have named Richard—his son—and shortly afterwards he fell into a stupor, from which he never revived, passing away on the afternoon of September 3, the anniversary of two of his great victories at Dunbar and Worcester.

Evelyn records the scene of the picture by Ward of King Charles II chatting to Nell Gwynn over the wall, he himself being the stately, somewhat scandalised gentleman in attendance. He writes that on March 2, 1671, he both saw and heard "a familiar discourse between the King and Mrs. Nelly, as they call an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and the King standing on the green walk under it." From the picture it would appear to be high summer, gay Nelly in light clothing, the swarthy King enjoying the moments of dalliance with the vivacious witty actress who had won his heart. There seems no sign of the cruelty of March winds, as the date in the diary suggests. The garden wall was part of the property attached to Nelly's house in Pall Mall. The King was taking his customary walk in the park, always accompanied by some dogs, whom he used to take into the solemn Council Chamber.

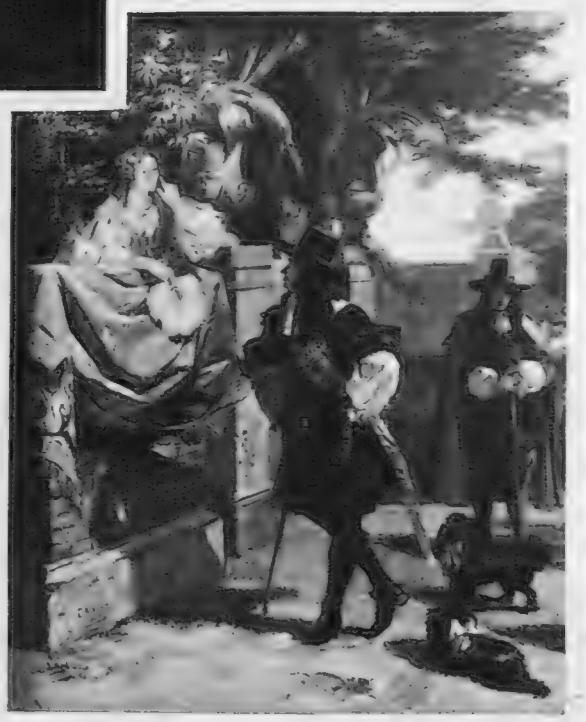
The disgrace of Lord Clarendon after his last interview with Charles II at Whitehall by the artist, E. M. Ward, shows the old earl coming down the steps from some imagined part of the Palace adjacent to the Banqueting Hall. Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, had been faithful to the Stuart cause, spending many years in exile, where he

OF WHITEHALL PALACE: Historic Pictures that Tell of Dynastic Triumphs and Tragedies in the Days when Whitehall was a Royal Home

THE PASSING OF THE LORD PROTECTOR: "The Death Bed of Cromwell," by David Wilkie Wynfield, is one of a number of outstanding pictures dealing with the history of Whitehall Palace. He died on the afternoon of September 3, 1658, the anniversary of his great victories at Dunbar and Worcester. While a tremendous storm raged outside the Palace, Cromwell told those around him: "My design is to make what haste I can to be gone"

THE BEAUTIFUL BARBARA VILLIERS, afterwards Lady Castlemaine and the Duchess of Cleveland, who first attracted Charles II in Holland. She accompanied her royal lover to the State apartments at Whitehall Palace on the day of the Restoration—a proceeding which seems to have intrigued rather than shocked a king-struck London—and there she exhibited her charms, tempers, and influence for ten years

Below—THE KING AND THE LADY: When Charles II went strolling from Whitehall Palace he would often make for the boundary wall of Nell Gwynn's property in Pall Mall, there to dally with his beloved



MONMOUTH PLEADS FOR HIS LIFE AT WHITEHALL: John Pettie, R.A., conjured up in dramatic fashion the scene in the Palace as the unhappy Duke—the natural son of Charles II—grovelled on the floor and appealed to James II to spare him after the abortive revolt of 1685. The appeal was in vain and within 10 days of the Sedgemoor defeat he was beheaded

post; but Clarendon was obstinate, saying he would never surrender the Great Seal willingly, and was prepared to stand impeachment. He suspected that Lady Castlemaine was behind the whole matter, and reproached the King accordingly. After a stormy interview, lasting two hours, Charles rose and the Chancellor retired, facing the derisive courtiers.

Pepys records some gossip of Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, telling how, when the Chancellor went from the King, Lady Castlemaine was in bed, though about 12 o'clock, and how she ran out in very airy costume into her aviary looking into White Hall garden; and stood blessing herself at the old man's going away.

James II, who succeeded his brother on the throne, was soon confronted with a rebellion, headed by the young Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of King Charles. The rebellion was put down and Monmouth, despite all his pleas, was executed on July 15, 1685. Three years later, James himself was in jeopardy: the King was at Whitehall when he heard the news, not quite unexpected, of the landing of William of Orange in Torbay. He was no coward, but as he found his army dwindling by desertion when he marched to Salisbury, he was forced to return to Whitehall and from there to prepare for the flight of the Queen and the royal infant, and subsequently of himself.

B. H.

had borne poverty with cheerful courage. "While I have bread and books I shall think myself very rich," he wrote. He was a man of strict morality and sincere religion, and desired an England ruled according to law, but he could not move with the times.

After the Restoration he was made Lord Chancellor of England, a position of great power, but he was unable to hold it, for he was hated alike by the gay and frivolous courtiers, whom he rebuked, and those of keen intellect whose opinions of government differed from his own. He despised all the ardent young politicians, and became so increasingly arrogant in his manners, that it became necessary for the King to part with his old Minister.

At the momentous interview in the Palace, Charles begged the Chancellor in view of his ill-health to resign his

JAMES II HEARS THE NEWS OF THE LANDING OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE AT TORBAY: Another historic picture by E. M. Ward showing the King sitting disconsolate in Whitehall Palace from which he was soon to fly, never to return. With the flight of James, the Palace, which had through two dynasties been the scene of so many Royal triumphs and tragedies, dwindled in importance, for Dutch William preferred the more salubrious air of Kensington and Hampton Court. In 1698 a great fire destroyed many of the buildings, and it is only now that their foundations are being brought to light by the Office of Works excavations

In Switzerland's VAST NATIONAL PARK

A CHAMOIS ON SENTRY DUTY in Switzerland's vast National Park in the Higher Engadine. He stands there, every sense alert, and the moment he suspects the approach of man he dashes away to give warning to the quietly-grazing herd

CLASSIC ALPINE SCENERY: The Val Livigno is a typical example of the rare beauty that pervades the 100 sq. miles of the Swiss National Park. It lies on the frontier between the Higher Engadine and the Austrian Tyrol

WHERE THE IBEX ROAM: A fine herd of these European wild goat in Switzerland's National Park. They constitute only one of the many and varied species to be found in the snowy fastnesses. The reserve came into being in 1911 following a suggestion made some years previously by a number of Swiss geologists, zoologists, and botanists. Rare kinds of flower, beautiful old pine and fir trees, and alpine creatures of almost every description are to be seen flourishing in abundance in this veritable sanctuary for nature

The World of Books

THREE HECTIC MONTHS IN TRINIDAD

Arthur Calder-Marshall Gives His Impressions of the Troubled Island and Sums Up Its Problems

By VERNON FANE

IN GLORY DEAD (Michael Joseph. 15s.) Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall has set out to give as comprehensive a picture of present-day Trinidad as a ruthlessly inquiring mind, a pronounced left bias and an effective prose sense can produce. He has divided his book into three parts, and these divisions are more than a writer's device to keep one's interest at full pitch; they are a means of presenting the Trinidad problem in three lights.

It can scarcely be argued, I think, that Trinidad has no problem. It may not be a grave one, relatively to the rest of the Empire, but Mr. Calder-Marshall claims that "the problems which arise in Trinidad arise everywhere in the world where there is white domination of subject races."

The first part of the book is a portrait of Port of Spain, executed rather in the manner of a film scenario, which flashes from scene to scene, illuminating the beautiful, the grotesque and the squalid. This part has great vividness, and successfully supports the writer's theory that this is the best way to introduce strangers to a foreign scene.

The next part is a description of what happened to the writer during the three months he spent on the island. On consideration, that appears as if Mr. Calder-Marshall took only a passive share in the communal life, and nothing could be less exact. He toured the island and scrutinised it. He was not allowed to visit the leper colony but missed little else. He spoke at trade union meetings, rescued a pardoned French convict from being sent back to Cayenne, and was the guest of honour at the Toussaint L'Ouverture banquet.

With what we can conjecture, since he gives us no clues, as an adroit mixture of charm and tenacity he became a welcome visitor in every kind of home. He met the intelligentsia, the Press, the art colony. He even tried to produce a play with a cast of negroes and mulattoes. It was *Waiting for Lefty*, which is a good play, but, owing to a little matter of class and colour distinction, it never got beyond rehearsal.

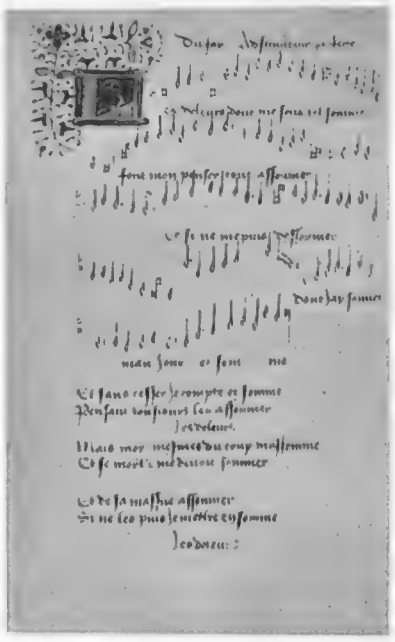
Mr. Calder-Marshall, in fact, saw and heard all that is humanly possible to see and hear of a strange life in a short period. In the third part of the book he gives his conclusions and discusses the problem of Crown Colony government. Here the writer is as lucid as ever, though some of his observations are hardly likely to soothe the Blimps among us. "The feeling of loyalty or respect for Great Britain," he writes, "is almost completely absent from the people of Trinidad." And later, "Secession to the United States is not practical politics but the dream of a juster rule than the British has been."

In Mrs. Angela Thirkell's novels it is always summer, the scene is always a country house and the characters are always good-looking and solvent, in spite of which their regular pattern is no more monotonous in effect than the design of an Aubusson carpet. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Thirkell's plots have more than one point of similarity with Aubusson carpets. They seem fragile, but on examination prove sound; their immediate effect is of gaiety and an exquisite sophistication; and they give one the identical fillip of pleasure in work that depends for its charm on its lightness of treatment.

THE BRANDONS (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) pursues this excellent and light-hearted tradition. Mrs. Brandon herself is one of those enchanting creatures in whom this author's books abound — a beautiful and generous woman with the mental capacity of an adolescent gnat—a type who might be exasperating in what we are pleased to call real life, but who never fails to delight in fiction.

Her children, a boy and girl in the lively twenties, regard her with affectionate contempt which she very properly translates into respectful adoration. Most of the men who meet her are apt to fall in love with her and, one is led to feel, rightly, since her vanity is negligible and her desire to please perfectly genuine though discreet.

The action of the story depends on a rich and moribund relative of singular unpleasantness, of whom Mrs. Brandon characteristically remarks, "I don't see why we shouldn't be kind to poor Aunt Sissie even if she *is* rich." The action, however, is not what matters in one of Mrs. Thirkell's stories, but the evocation of an English summer week of perfect weather spent in more or less the same pursuits by a group of particularly pleasant people.



TREASURE TROVE FOR MUSIC LOVERS: A page from the Nivelle de la Chaussee Chansonnier—a collection of 69 French medieval chansons, including 37 not otherwise known, which was sold at Sotheby's on March 7 and brought £750. The composers represented are members of the French Burgundian and Netherlands schools, the most outstanding being Delahaye, who has long been known by name but none of whose songs have hitherto been found in any MS. Only four other Chansonniers of this type and period are extant

THEY RANG UP THE POLICE (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is a good title, and it heralds Miss Joanna Cannan's first detective story. Deciding, as masters of her new craft have decided before, that a murder mystery may be all the more gruesome for being set in blameless surroundings, Miss Cannan has taken a quiet country house for her scene, and a family of ineffectual spinsters to act out her drama.

A tiresome and colourless mother hovers over the three sisters, one of whom, the victim, is a horsy, domineering type; the second a neutral creature for whom the piano takes the place of more active interests, and the third, "our home girl," quiet as her sister, and without even the distraction of music or riding to vary the monotony of her life.

In this subdued household murder comes to break down every pretence and to startle the countryside out of its sense of security. It is a particularly horrible murder, too, and not by any means the quiet end to existence that the inhabitants of Marley and Melchester are used to. A dead woman, brutally mishandled with a hatchet, is found buried in a midden, and immediately suspicion points to any one of a dozen people. Only the real murderer seems likely to escape.

There enters, unemotionally and without fanfare, Guy Northeast, a police officer of tranquil appearance and deceptively active brain. He is diffident but efficient. In fact, he solves the crime, and he adds another to that detective force of fiction so ably led by the Poirots and Reeders.

Miss Cannan has concentrated on the logic of a crime solution, and not on the horrors, or those agreeable cold chills which are familiar to the readers of this kind of fiction. In that respect she has done her work competently—even on re-reading I could find no errors and no deception that was not warranted by a later turn of the story. But perhaps in her next attempt at a thriller she will let us have more thrills.

If your knowledge of bird life and bird habits is as disgracefully scanty as mine, you might be tempted at first glance to pass over A BOOK OF BRITISH WADERS (Collins. 7s. 6d.), in which Mr. Brain Vesey FitzGerald has compiled "a series of sketches" of birds which he has himself observed in a lifetime of bird-watching.

Two things at first appear when one studies this book: that it is possible to write a valuable naturalist's notebook with humour, and that it is just as possible to make converts to bird-watching in an evening's space.

Mr. Vesey FitzGerald devotes a short chapter, and in most cases a photograph, to each bird. These photographs are quite remarkable and a worthy complement to the subject they illustrate.

Birds can differ as widely as humans in their characters and in their foibles. Mr. Vesey FitzGerald has known a bird who decorated its nest with pink ribbon, and many who had a sense of humour. Here he is writing of the oyster-catcher: "The male patrols a wide area and gives the alarm with a single sharp note; and then both birds just stroll around in a casual manner pretending that they never had a nest. . . . They always seem to know when they have fooled you. When you are searching for a nest, and they know it, they follow you along saying the most uncomplimentary things the whole time. The moment the danger is past they fly off with a derisive chuckle . . ."

IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER OF THE PAPAL PALACE stand the Swiss Guards, members of a corps whose duty it is to protect the Pope and accompany him on all ceremonial occasions, such as at the Coronation. They were brought into being in 1505 at the instance of Cardinal Schinner and are of pure Swiss birth, speaking the German dialect of their native cantons

MEN WHO GUARD PIUS XII

The Pope's Swiss Protectors

THE VATICAN GARAGE where the Pope's fleet of cars is kept

On left—**COLONEL HIRSCHBUEHL,** commander of the Swiss Guards. Under him he has 110 men, all of whom live in a barracks which may be entered by no other members of the Vatican community

LONDON LI

PRINCESS MARGARET HAD THE TIME OF HER LIFE when she accompanied her sister to the fancy-dress party for children at Lady Astor's St. James's Square home. There were seventy guests, among them the children of the American Ambassador

EMERGING TO FACE THE CAMERA SQUAD: Miss Virginia Graham, daughter of the late Captain Harry Graham and niece of Sir [illegible] Graham, leaving St. George's, Hanover [illegible].

THE FIRST ROYAL COURT OF THE SEASON: Among the many debutantes presented to the King and Queen was Miss Anne Mackail (*above*), seventeen-year-old daughter of author Denis Mackail and grand-daughter of the pre-Raphaelite painter, Burne-Jones. *On left*—Mlle Sandra Tatarescu, daughter of the Rumanian Ambassador to France, was also presented

LIFE : Two Big Weddings—Debutantes of 1939—The Princesses Attend a Party

with Mr. Percy Among acquer Antony Frederick Thesiger, son of the Hon. Thesiger, after their wedding on March 9. the many presents received was a Chinese cabinet from H.R.H. the Princess Royal

THE QUEEN'S NIECE WEDS: The Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon, daughter of Lord Glamis, and Mr. Kenneth Harington, son of the late his Honour Edward Harington, leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, after their marriage. The King and Queen attended

MAYORAL DEBS.: The Misses Pamela and Sheilagh Johnsen, grand-daughters of London's Lord Mayor, Sir Frank Bowater, were both presented by Lady Bowater at the first Royal court of the season held last week at Buckingham Palace

On right—**PAGE AND BRIDESMAID:** A young couple at the Thesiger-Graham wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square

CALLING ALL MOTORISTS

A comfortable hat with a brim that prevents eye-strain is a comfort on a long run. One of Henry Heath's is shown below, made of camel-coloured felt with a brown suede band trimmed with gilt birds. You can see it at 105, Oxford Street, where they have pure camel-hair coats which can be made to order for 8 guineas

Hot coffee tastes grand in the open air, and at the foot of this page is a particularly neat Thermos and sandwich case. It comes from Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly, and it is made in pigskin or hide, to hold a pint or a quart Thermos, with an aluminium sandwich-box with fall-back hinges. You can get them from 3 guineas

The Sporting Motif

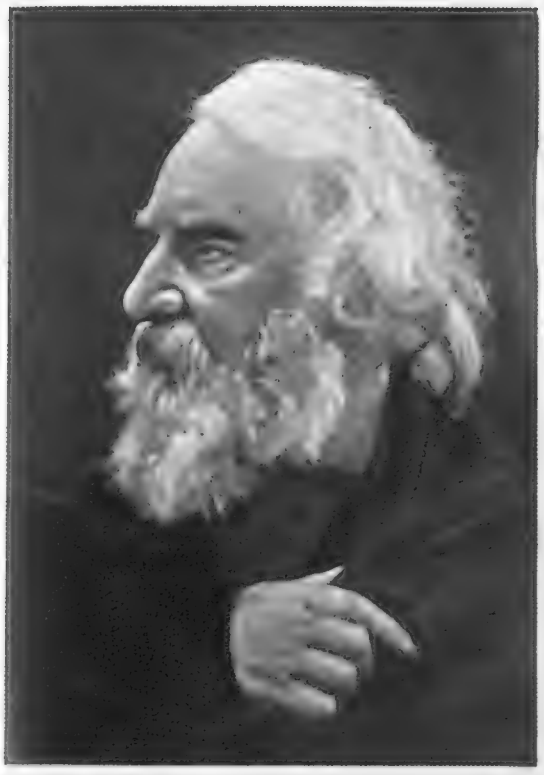
British and Unbeatable

A tweed coat, as it is made in London, has no rival in the world. Here is one of Studd and Millington's, 52, Conduit Street. Tailored with absolute precision, it has a curved seam running down the sleeve and huge patch pockets. They make such tweed coats from 6 guineas

Gifts for the keen motorist. The beautifully modelled horse's head is chromium-plated on bronze, and it costs 52s. 6d., and the fox is in chromium or colour on bronze. The combined cigarette and powder case, in coloured calf, has a centre mirror backed with a slate for writing notes, and the price is only 21s. From Swaine and Adeney

HOMERIC PHOTOGRAPHY

Some Early Camera Portraiture



LONGFELLOW:

DORÉ:

BERNHARDT:

Three early camera portraits of particular interest at the moment in view of the fact that 1939 marks the centenary of photography. The Longfellow picture is by Julia Margaret Cameron, the amateur photographer of the '60's, while that of Doré—the artist—slightly ante-dates it. Sarah Bernhardt is shown at the very start of her career

MURRAY:

TERRY:

DICKENS:

Three more early examples of photographic portraiture. *Left*—David Octavius Hill's study of the publisher, John Murray. *Centre*—Ellen Terry at the age of seventeen, by Julia Margaret Cameron who outrivalled nearly all the professionals of her day. *Right*—An unfamiliar impression of Charles Dickens before he grew his leonine beard

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1860: The damaged negative of this fine portrait of the President was recently found by accident in the Dead Letter Department of Washington Post Office. It is undoubtedly quite one of the most brilliant middle-aged impressions of Lincoln now extant

SIR ROBERT GARRETT TAKES REFRESHMENT WITH FELLOW OFFICERS OUTSIDE HIS TENT: This Crimean war picture has been sent to "The Sphere" by Mr. Arthur Dashwood—who was born during the siege of Lucknow—and is of special interest in this year in which the centenary of photography is being celebrated. Garrett, who is seen seated on the right, commanded a brigade of the 4th Division from 1854 to 1855. He was a typical, tough, hard-going veteran of the old school and a familiar figure in the trenches

Special SPHERE *picture by Armand Console*

"IF TWO MEN CAN PLOUGH A FIELD IN FIVE HOURS" how long does it take a mathematics master to fall in love with one of his pretty pupils? At least half the answer to the conundrum is provided by David Tree and Lilli Palmer in this scene from *Little Ladyship*, the Ian Hay comedy at the Lyric Theatre. Lilli plays the part of Eve, the bored wife of a famous surgeon, who takes advantage of her own freakishly youthful looks and, unbeknown to her husband, goes back to school

HER HOPES DASHED: Eve (Lilli Palmer) sits disconsolate on the staircase as her surgeon husband (Cecil Parker) tells her that he has been called away on an urgent case, and that it will not be possible for them to have their projected evening out. Another episode from *Little Ladyship*, the Ian Hay comedy which is drawing large audiences to the Lyric Theatre, to which it has just been transferred

MR. KEITH WINTER is a bit of an optimist, and I can only hope that in the case of his play *We at the Crossroads*, at the Globe Theatre, his optimism will be justified. He is asking rather a lot. In the first place, he is asking the public to like (I imagine that not even the highest-browed dramatist would write a play he is convinced the public will not like) an entertainment one half-of which consists of the plotless prattling in a Moroccan villa of four people whom he deliberately makes both unattractive and tedious. The other half consists of the transformation of this precious quartet into much nicer people, though the tedium they radiated did not, I fear, perceptibly vanish.

The job was carried out by four Beings. These Beings were presumably supernatural, since one of them proved impervious to repeated revolver fire at close range. But they did not appear as the conventional guardian angels of the Morality Plays. They were not even in the sombre semi-ecclesiastical garb adopted by the late Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, to which this play bears some faint resemblance. No, they were four quite ordinary people, described as tourists, and they were dressed much as the four people it was their task to reform. They were, in point of fact, part of those people—their simpler, better selves, consciences, call it what you will. I fear their exact status never became quite clear to me; for Mr. Winter's handling of this border-line stuff is somewhat obscure, and although there is oceans of talk in his play and very little else (except one abortive love-affair) it does not reveal the true position to any considerable extent.

That is where your modern dramatist—and I would not exclude even Mr. Priestley—falls short when he tries, quite justifiably and laudably, to give us a play about mysterious or metaphysical matters; he, unconsciously or deliberately, leads his audience up obscure paths and leaves them there. The old authors of the aforementioned Moralities had the gumption to make themselves crystal-clear throughout.

However, the reformation, transformation, or whatever it was supposed to be, was carried out thoroughly, though I did not find it very exciting or even convincing. The "vamp," who turns out to be "quite a nice girl really," is an old friend—this time played efficiently, if not very glamorously, by Miss Ena Burrill. Miss Adrianne Allen was such a nice person in the first act that I could not see that she required much tinkering with; she remained nice and, incidentally, gave the best performance. Mr. Robert Harris, as a sort of a blind Greek chorus, read impressively from a Braille book just to enliven the gloom. That Moroccan villa was an effectively-designed scene, even if it brought back memories of the old Alhambra and made me yearn for five minutes of George Robey in *The Bing Boys*.

"Der Rosenkavalier."—When I first heard that the Sadler's Wells people were tackling Strauss's glittering, exotic opera *Der Rosenkavalier*, I thought it an unwise step on their part. That they would do it very well I had no doubt; the point was whether they should do it at all. For this work is so essentially *de luxe*—a grand opera which is very grand and not for small theatres, reduced orchestras, popular prices, and the "very good performance, considering . . ." type of appreciation. The Wells' Wagner I have long thought "very good, considering . . .," though they are first-rate with *Hansel and Gretel*, and their *Falstaff* is really brilliant. And so it was in doubtful mood that I set out towards Rosebery Avenue on the wettest and chilliest night imaginable (the official weather forecast having plumped for "warm and sunny").

The house was sold out, I was glad to find, as a Strauss devotee, and the democracy were struggling to buy standing-room-only vouchers. A fair proportion of the democracy, by the way, arrived in their seats rather late, and the first scene was spoiled by apologetic pushing by,

A STORY OF SACRIFICE: Christopher Tionary; Peter (Nigel Stock), the worth), the youthful poet; and Louise in Capek's last play, *The Mother*, run at the Garrick.

On Stage and Screen

FOUR SOCIALITES MEET THEIR BETTER SELVES

In Keith Winter's Latest Play, "We at the Crossroads"—An Operatic Triumph at the Wells

By PHILIP PAGE

programme-purchasing, and so forth, what time an icy blast from an ever-opening door nearly blew me from my end stall. Yet we are likely to hear to all eternity the silly fallacy that only the wealthy patrons of Covent Garden (who, of course, care nothing and know nothing about music and attend simply from snobbish reasons) display bad manners, of which they hold the monopoly. So far, not so very good.

It was not until the performance had been allowed to settle down did I realise how wrong I had been to make any mental reservations beforehand. Apart from the fact that here was grand-scale and intensely difficult stuff being given in a theatre about a third of the size of those to which it is accustomed, and that one therefore missed the voluptuous sweeps of the vast number of strings the composer demands (there was no room for them, and in that auditorium they would have sounded wrong and odd anyway), there was "nothing whatever to grumble at." I will not use the *cliché* that this performance and production generally was little short of perfection. To my mind it *was* perfection.

First of all, the orchestra played splendidly and put the true Strauss flavour, in some fashion quite indefinable (or it may, even, have been a bit o' luck), into that subtle score of which Mr. Laurance Collingwood, who conducted more than ably, has an intimate knowledge. The producer, Mr. Clive Carey, has also triumphed; those who know their *Rosenkavalier* know over what obstacles. The lighting, the grouping, the arrangement of that difficult mob-scene and the struggling among the servants in Act II, the Princess's *levée*—there was no hitch anywhere. In this last even the small non-singing parts, such as the hairdresser, were played admirably, and for the Princess's inspection they displayed, nicely and most cautiously, a canary in a cage, and did not lead on, as is the usual practice, a live animal—not even a donkey.

I liked Mr. Hamish Wilson's costumes and his *baroque* scenery and furniture, with that slight touch of exaggeration in, for instance, the chairs, to suggest the flamboyance of the rather naughty story. The whole scenic effect conjured up the flavour of aristocratic society in pre-French Revolution Europe. I note, by the way, that the anonymous critic of our leading left-wing highbrow review loathed this *decor* and declared that it "suggested not eighteenth-century Vienna, but a chorus-girl's flat in Maida Vale during the Boer War." What was he doing in chorus-girls' flats in Maida Vale during the Boer War? Anyway, I envy him that æsthetic experience if such flats looked like those first two sets at Sadler's Wells.

As to the singers, first among a team of a general level of excellence comes Miss Joan Cross, the Princess. I have never seen or heard a better Princess and I will compare her with, and put her on the same level as, Lotte Lehmann. Her soliloquy on growing old was beautifully done and sung, and in the last act she might have been a picture of Marie Antoinette, which, considering the story takes place during the reign of Marie Theresa, her mother, is as it should be. Miss Joy McArden began well as Octavian and got better; Miss Ruth Naylor was not far from being an ideal Sophie; Mr. Ronald Stear might have been a shade riper and more Falstaffian as the Baron, but he sang well and is a good comedian; Miss Valetta Iacopi (Annina), Mr. Webster Booth, who sang the one and only tenor aria, and Mr. Harry Brindle (the Attorney) all call for praise.

A possible fault was that the English sung was not always intelligible. Personally I don't regard this as a fault and prefer the English in opera to be unintelligible. But that may be just musical snobbery.

"Black and Blue" (Hippodrome).—Last week saw the production of two revues—both good. A great big one—for that is what Mr. George Black's *Black and Blue* at the Hippodrome most certainly is, although it is labelled an "intimate rag"—and a little tiny one at the Ambassadors'.

Black and Blue in the first place most certainly wipes out Mr. Black's defeat at the Adelphi with *Let's all go down the Strand*, and he has won quite a famous victory. It is funny, it is pretty, and it is quite gorgeous enough. It contains a burlesque on opera, and even this is pleasing, although to me such burlesques are a pain in the neck, not because I regard opera as sacrosanct in any way, but because they are such *vieux jeu*.

Miss Frances Day is the star of stars and is in grand form. When Miss Day becomes tense and sentimental I grow bored, though it is only fair to add that probably hundreds of thousands do not. When she is all fair, fluffy and feathery and displaying a piquant sense of humour, she is deliciously sweet—so delicious and sweet and refreshing that she is a positive Frances Fruit-Sun-Day. She is acceptable with or without her donkey—rather more acceptable without than with. Mr. Vic Oliver, a first-rate comedian, is equally acceptable with or without his violin.

Michael Kingsley), the reactionary socialist; Tony (Henry Hepton), their mother (Louise Hampton) which recently began its ... Hampton's acting is first-rate

"The Gate Theatre Revue."—No doubt many people saw this revue at the Gate Theatre where it flourished before its transference to the slightly larger Ambassadors'. Some of it is rather Theatre-Royal-Back-Drawing-room but nearly all of it is witty and the sketches are particularly pointed. The music is weakish and much more might have been made of the one tuneful number. On the whole, good fun, with Miss Hermione Gingold working away every bit as cleverly as a certain other revue Hermione.

A SWEDISH VERSION OF "AS YOU LIKE IT": The cleverly stylised wrestling scene in Alf Sjoberg's Shakespearean production which has proved the hit of the season at Stockholm's Swedish State Theatre (Dramatiska Teatern). For the past three months the theatre has been under the management of Madame Pauline Brunius whose inspiration has given the drama in Sweden a new vitality

A HUMAN TAPESTRY: One of the big moments in the Swedish State Theatre production of *As You Like It* occurs when the magnificent hunting scene at the court of the banished Duke is suddenly enclosed by a frame and, as the players stiffen in their poses, the whole is transformed into a gigantic tapestry adorning one of the walls in a room in the usurper Duke's castle

YOUTH GREETS AGE in *Dunungen*, another play which has been well received during the current season at the Swedish National Theatre

A BEWITCHING ROSALIND: Inga Tidblad who has been giving magnificent performances in the Stockholm production of *As You Like It*

THE PRESIDING GENIUS at the Swedish State Theatre. A new portrait of Madame Pauline Brunius who was appointed three months ago to succeed Olaf Molander

The Theatre in Sweden

A Flourishing State Enterprise and its Original Production of "As You Like It"

Stockholm has been charmed by the Swedish State Theatre's production of *As You Like It*. The play, two scenes from which are depicted above, has constituted the high-water mark of dramatic effort in a season made notable by the new vitality that has been infused into the classic drama since Madame Pauline Brunius took over the management of the theatre three months ago. Madame Brunius has long been known in Sweden as a brilliant manager of touring companies, possessing an ability to strike a mean between the demands of popular taste and of the intelligentsia

ENGLAND THROUGH the EYES of FRENCH CARICATURISTS

And Other News of Current Art Exhibitions in the London Galleries

"UNE GRANDE RUE DE LONDRES A 5 HEURES DU SOIR": One of the vivid lithographs by Lami and Monnier in the Exhibition of a Century of French Caricature (1750–1850), which was opened on March 10 at the New Burlington Galleries, W.1, by His Excellency the French Ambassador

"LES ANGLAIS A PARIS": A brilliant caricature by Carle Vernet at the New Burlington Galleries showing an oafish honeymoon couple with a French officer

THE STYLISED ART OF VICENTE MULET: A portrait and an exterior study by this Spanish painter who is about to hold his first exhibition in this country at the galleries of the Fine Art Society. His favourite subjects are the primitive fisher-folk of the Balearic Isles painted against brilliant backgrounds of wild flowers and foliage

A fine collection of French caricatures, drawn between 1750-1850 and including political lithographs by Daumier, Gavarini's "Les Lorettes," Lami's "Voyage en Angleterre" and a host of others no less interesting, greets the visitor to the New Burlington Galleries.

Wherever possible, caricatures have been chosen with a special English interest, and we are enabled to visualise our grandparents from the Frenchman's point of view.

Eugéne Lami and M. Monnier have combined to hand down to us a very delightful scene at the corner of Parliament Street in 1829, entitled "Une Grande Rue de Londres à 5 heures du soir," which gives a very fair representation of our city 110 years ago, with its coaches, private carriages of all kinds, funeral equipages and drays. In the foreground is a group of travellers who wait patiently for the arrival of a stage-coach.

The gaucheries of "Les Anglais à Paris" by Carle Vernet are particularly amusing—the inevitable umbrella was apparently as much an international joke in 1817 as it is to-day. The too-small hat, well-fed figure, and clumsy gaiters are all evidences of the country-bred and oafish Englishman of the Regency days.

A further room has been devoted to the display of Mr. Minto Wilson's remarkable collection of English caricatures of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Here we may see the Frenchman of the First Empire ridiculed by English artists, besides the no less satirical records of the follies and vices of Fox, Sheridan, and the Prince Regent.

The propaganda value of these printed caricatures was not fully realised until the mid-eighteenth century, but it is believed that the pungent satires of the time most probably led to the fall of Sir Robert Walpole.

The year 1764 saw the rise of fashion caricatures, and the vagaries and absurdities of fashion were dealt with unmercifully by such clever satirists as Gillray, Rowlandson and Cruikshank—whose crude though undeniably brilliant prints appear in this collection.

Just round the corner from the New Burlington Galleries, at the Redfern Galleries in Cork Street, can be seen a comprehensive collection of works by the Camden Town Group; the examples shown cover a period between 1911 and 1914. This is only the second representative exhibition of this famous group of artists held since the war. The late Frank Rutter held that in the group one found the inspiration of an influence on English art hardly less than that of the Pre-Raphaelites.

"In the winter of 1910 to 1911," he writes, "a number of us had formed the habit of dining on Saturday evenings at a now vanished hotel-restaurant in Golden Square. The most regular in attendance were Harold Gilman, Spencer Gore, Augustus John, Manson, Lucien Pissarro, Walter Sickert and myself. Soon after the habit started we were joined by Charles Ginner, and afterwards R. P. Bevan. These dinners were a prelude to nights at the Café Royal and a sequel to afternoons at 19, Fitzroy Street, where for some years previously Sickert had held court."

The same brilliant impressionism unhampered by photographic detail can be seen in the works of all these artists.

On Wednesday next, the Fine Art Society have arranged for an exhibition of the vivid and arresting works of the Spanish artist, Senor Vicente Mulet. This will be the artist's first exhibition in England, although his work is already well known in France and Spain.

His subjects for the most part are the primitive fisher-folk of the Balearic Islands, painted against a brilliant background of wild flowers and foliage.

The dark-eyed beauties in their colourful and picturesque attire have a peculiar quality not unlike the works of the early painters of the Renaissance.

Iris Brooke

THE IMPRESSIONISM OF THE CAMDEN TOWN GROUP is being exhibited at the Redfern Galleries in Cork Street, the pictures covering the period between the accession of George V and the outbreak of the great war. *Left*—Charles Ginner's "Café Royal" and (*right*) a portrait by Harold Gilman, one of the founder members of the group and most regular attendant at its first sessions in Golden Square

This England . . .

Sussex Downs—Nr. Brighton

THIS is the ancient Saxon lenct-monat, the month of Spring. Now in your walks you find, upon the warm side of the little wood, that sweetly humble link twixt snowdrop shy and flaming crocus—the English primrose. Here now is promise, to shepherd and hind and green-starved cit, of the great rythmic quickening. Winter reluctant, turns to chill us with his gusty breath, but farmers heed it not—the gales take off the surplus moisture and the once-bound earth turns freely to the plough, the tilth is good. Sowing is near: so lift your Worthington—gleaming with sunshine from the bygone year—and toast the "seed-beds". May the barley strike and thrust to bearded beauty without "weathering"—and so be garnered safely for our future brews.

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"THE SPHERE'S" SPRING MOTORING SECTION

Some Suggestions For the Car Owner As He Looks Once Again Towards the Open Road

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

WE have had a sufficient number of really fine warm days to make us realise that the gloom and wintry conditions have now passed. Those of us who are fortunate enough to have gardens have seen unmistakable signs of the approach of spring. The warmth of the sun compels the trees and plants to burst out into life, and as one walks down the paths by the flower borders one realises that before very long plant life will have taken on that fresh green foliage which is so welcome at the beginning of this season. Exciting as your garden may be, the countryside at this time of the year is even more enticing.

In the old pre-motor days people were not so fortunate because they could only see the countryside by walking or by horse and trap, which meant that their radius of action was very limited. A journey by train, of course, took the traveller afield but railways frequently had and have a way of taking you through uninteresting flat meadowland. In this year of grace, however, when motor cars are so cheap and so reliable the whole country can be seen and enjoyed.

Some motorists, and I regret to say the number is far more than it ought to be, store their cars during the winter months, but the March quarter-day is now close at hand and so the car which has lain idle during the winter will now soon be taken out. I have often stated that winter motoring has advantages which cannot be enjoyed at other times of the year. For instance, the roads carry less traffic, driving during the hours of darkness is probably safer than when it is daylight, other circumstances being equal, and cars seem to go better when the atmosphere is laden with moisture.

In spite of these good things, however, there can be no argument that spring is the finest period of the whole year for the private motorist. Whether the car goes better or not, the driver at this time of the year appears to have more desire to drive and to roam about the country roads. Many of us, of course, have to drive all the year round, and so even in the spring-time we may have to do many journeys of a serious nature which prevent us from enjoying our surroundings.

To see the countryside properly the car must be taken out purely for pleasure purposes and there is not the slightest use in travelling along the great highways. True, many of our main roads take us amidst wonderful scenery, but I do implore drivers who are real nature lovers not to dawdle along a highway whilst the occupants of the car look around at the scenery. Where main roads lead through country that is really worth looking at I suggest to the driver that the car should be taken down some lane branching off the main road and left there whilst the occupants walk along the more important highway in order to do their sightseeing.

To get the best views the lesser-known lanes and byways should be patronised, and here there is no necessity to hurry, as it is most unlikely that the slow-moving vehicle will hinder or annoy anyone else. Many motorists, I know, are afraid to leave the better-known roads, fearing that they may get lost, and eventually find themselves too far away from home. I humbly suggest that in every family there must be one member who can read a map, but if there is not, then it is a very simple matter to learn how to find the way from a road plan. As a matter of fact, map reading is a very interesting pastime as well as being extremely useful. There are plenty of really good road maps published and they are so plain that reading them is definitely simple. With a navigator on board, armed with a plan of the district, a motorist can safely leave his usual route and dive into the unknown.

THE DREAM CAR: This superb Sedanca coupé on a 4¼-litre Bentley chassis has been built for Mr. Jack Barclay by his associate company, James Young, Ltd., of Bromley, the coachwork being of Mr. Barclay's own design. Patent parallel opening doors are a notable feature

If the countryside is to be viewed during week-ends the detours through the country lanes may possibly mean quicker travelling than if the drive were along the arterial roads, which on Saturdays and Sundays are frequently overcrowded. Speeding up the journey in this way will allow a greater mileage to be covered in any given time and as a consequence more of the countryside can be seen.

I expect that there are a number of experienced motorists who have driven twenty years or more and yet have never set out for an afternoon's drive for what I might call a motoring hike. Perhaps it is that they have never realised what a wonderful magic carpet their motor car can be to them at this time of the year, or it may be that the call of the country is not heard by them. Just as I believe it is impossible to make an individual music-minded, unless he or she is born that way, so perhaps I would be optimistic if I thought I could convert a motorist who sees nothing beautiful in the landscapes of spring into liking the subtle colours that are to be seen in the evening sun at this time of the year. Such motorists, however, should remember that there are relations or friends who do not own cars themselves and they would appreciate in no small way a run in the country.

With a car in the garage there is no reason to confine your journeys to the surrounding neighbourhood. A run of 100 miles is nothing to a modern motor vehicle and so a fast trip into some other district about this distance away from home places an entirely new type of countryside at your feet.

Although to-day the overwhelming majority of cars are fitted with closed bodies the joys of the open road in spring-time can be thoroughly appreciated. In the early days of cars a run at this time of the year was something never to be forgotten, for the bodies were open, and even where a windscreen was fitted it was terribly inefficient, with the result that the wind whistled round the driver and his passengers. When spring came round it was always a treat to feel that warmth in the air which distinguishes the fine days at the end of March and during April. To-day, the modern saloon frequently has a windscreen which can be opened and with the windows down and the sliding roof pushed back the occupants of the car can motor along and enjoy the freshness of the atmosphere.

In the old days that I am talking about, the driver was usually a busy person trying hard to keep the car on the road, for steering and brakes in those years were none too sure. Even the passengers were frequently called upon to assist, for punctures were frequent and the mending of a tyre was an operation which it definitely required two or three people to effect. The motorist, if he was fortunate enough to keep going and to stay on the road, would have the whole of his view blotted out by the

(Continued on page 408)

Photographed at Bertram Mills Circus

DUNLOP FORT TYRES ALSO HAVE TEETH

SPRING MOTORING SECTION CONTINUED

THE MODERN CAR MEANS TROUBLE-FREE MOTORING

(Continued from page 406)

appalling dust stirred up by other cars. The present-day motorist would find it difficult to picture the condition of the road in those early days, and this dust not only obscured quite effectively the vision of road users, but completely ruined the hedgerows and trees in the vicinity of the roads. In fact, I well remember that one had to be quite an early worm to see the countryside at its best, for after a few weeks of fine weather the young green foliage was completely coated with minute particles of grey road matter.

The motorist of 1939 has not to worry over this dust nuisance and can see the countryside in its springlike state almost on any day during the next month or so.

I am not in any way a weather prophet but it is not unknown for spring to have periods of severe frost and snow. Car-owners should, therefore, take advantage of the first and every succeeding fine warm day that comes along, otherwise this season of the year with all its attractions for the nature lover may slip by without its benefits being sampled.

In addition to driving round and touring the countryside most motorists will want to take advantage of the fine weather and have their meals out of doors. If the atmosphere is genial and a suitable spot is selected there are few things more enjoyable than an alfresco meal. Somehow or other, many people who picnic seem to miss the mark. They either provide nothing else but sandwiches or attempt a six-course luncheon. The ideal is, of course, a compromise between these two extremes.

With a car the outdoor meal can certainly be more ambitious, but it should not be overdone. Then again, I frequently find people picnicking in the most unpleasant places. Definitely it is most important to select a really nice spot, and just as a final word of advice I would like to impress on motorists to leave the site as tidy and as nice as they had hoped to find it.

Motorists—existing drivers, prospective drivers and those who merely ride as passengers—have every reason to look forward to the coming summer season. In spite of recent depression and resultant pessimism, car sales in this country are definitely on the up grade. To-day, motor-mindedness extends to far more persons than one out of twenty-three of the population, which is the proportion of actual car-owners.

The modern car is an absolutely reliable means of swift and pleasant transport, and it calls for no peculiar or hard-to-acquire qualities on the part of those who ride in it. I can think of lots of persons who, although they do not actually drive, have no qualms about travelling 250 or more miles in a day with a competent driver in a modern car, and yet I know that such persons would be bored beyond measure by the prospect of making the same journey by other means.

The motor car, as much as any other modern engineering commodity, is universally accepted as part of your everyday life and mine. I am glad that this is so, because the more motor-minded the ordinary individual becomes, the more likely are we to see the day when this country, in its legislation, its town-planning, its road systems, and similar matters, is really and truly a fit place for the motorist to drive about in. Add to this growing motor-mindedness of the community at large the very excellent and genial start which the weather-clerk has given to the coming season and the relief we all feel at the passing of last year's crisis, and I feel quite safe in prophesying a boom in motoring throughout 1939.

More and more persons who have previously been motorists only as passengers will find themselves wishing to learn to drive and to become car-owners themselves. I have owned a wide variety of cars and I have tested countless others, some of which I have returned to their makers with considerable reluctance, and, in common with every other owner, I know that it is one's own car that matters most. Pride of possession can be lavished on the modern car perhaps to a greater extent than on any other single possession which is both an indispensable part of modern life and yet reflects very accurately the individuality of the purchaser.

MODERNITY AMID ANTIQUITY: With Raglan Castle—Tudor fortress of the Welsh marches—as its background, this Hooper Sedanca on a Phantom III Rolls-Royce chassis lends even further dignity to the medieval pile

The first problem which confronts the potential car-owner is the age-old one of whether to buy a new or a second-hand vehicle; a problem which arose just as soon as any second-hand automobile came on the market, which was long before the year 1900. If the prospective purchaser knows very little about the mechanical side of motoring I recommend the purchase of a brand-new vehicle. Fortunately, price no longer has any bearing on reliability, dependability and satisfactory service, nor is it necessary to possess an intimate knowledge of technicalities to make a sound investment in respect of these qualities.

It is not an over-statement to say that every car on the market to-day represents sound and reliable machinery capable of giving safe and satisfactory service in the hands of the unskilled owner-driver. Naturally, the more you spend, the greater your range of choice in matters of comfort, appearance, performance, convenience and low depreciation. But from the aspect of actual reliability there is nothing to choose between the various makes. Moreover, even the cheapest new cars, costing less than £150, provide very reasonable travel with a considerable degree of comfort, for as many as four persons, in outstanding economy. So to the inexperienced would-be car-owner I recommend a new car.

However, those who crave a particular make or type, probably of more individuality or performance than any modern car falling within the price class that the bank balance will tolerate without undue strain, can take heart from the vast numbers of reputable used cars now on the market. If you understand mechanical aspects reasonably well and do not hurry your final decision, the second-hand market offers a fascinating field in which to search for a car of a kind which you could probably never contemplate in the equivalent new-vehicle class.

It is quite wrong to imagine that all used-car dealers are rogues, and I would remind you that if you belong to the A.A. or the R.A.C., these bodies have in operation an excellent system of engineers' reports, which safeguards the used-car purchaser who enlists their aid. The practice of taking used cars in part exchange for new models results in a large number of second-hand vehicles coming on to the market at exceptionally favourable prices, because they must be sold quickly to make room for fresh stock. Thus there is an excellent

(Continued on page 410)

FOR A DISCRIMINATING LADY: This Daimler 2½-litre four-seater drop-head coupé has been chosen by Lady Roger for her personal use. Lady Roger is the wife of Sir Alexander Roger, Chairman of the B.S.A. - Daimler - Lanchester group

POWERFUL PERFORMANCE AND EASE OF CONTROL: Because of these qualities many owners testify to the high merits of this year's Chrysler Kew saloon which has always been one of the most popular cars offered in the Chrysler range. The body is exceptionally roomy and is stream-lined without exaggeration

"This new Humber could put up a good show anywhere against anything, whatever the price. When we consider that it costs well under £400 its performance becomes all the more impressive. The car, which has a maximum speed of 85 m.p.h. and will reach 30 m.p.h. from a standstill in roughly 5 seconds and 50 m.p.h. in 11 seconds, is certainly something to be reckoned with. The body is an excellent piece of British coachwork." *Country Life, Dec. 3rd 1938.*

HUMBER

THE SIXTEEN from **£345** · THE SNIPE from **£355** · **THE SUPER SNIPE from £385** · THE IMPERIAL from **£515** · THE PULLMAN from **£750**

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C.F.H.

THE LATEST FORD PRODUCT: The Prefect, considered by many motorists to be among the most attractive of popularly-priced saloons. Note the longer, graceful bonnet

• SPRING MOTORING SECTION •

(Continued from page 403)

opportunity of buying at bargain price a dependable used car of a make and model that is still in production. If you decide on a used car which is not still in production you may obtain something of greater character and more pronounced individuality, but I strongly advise you to ascertain from your technical motoring friends just why this particular car left the market and whether spare parts are easily procurable.

Whether you are buying new or second-hand, it is most essential that you decide on a car that really suits you. Decide, first of all, whether you want closed or open bodywork. If you find it difficult to reach a decision on this matter I recommend study of the many excellent convertible bodies now available. Decide, roughly, what mileage you will cover per annum and, from the quoted fuel consumption and the tax, work out whether you can easily afford to operate the particular car you have in mind. Decide whether you can sacrifice comfort to quicker journeying, or whether a well-appointed roomy car is more important than flashing pick-up from the traffic lights. Narrow the choice down in this way and then take quite prolonged trial runs in the few remaining "possibilities." Dealers in a range of makes will gladly arrange such trial runs.

If you have acquired a second-hand car, or if you have ruthlessly decided that you really must keep your existing car for another year, I recommend a reasonable overhaul at the commencement of another busy season. Much peace of mind will accrue therefrom. The engine is very likely using oil to an extent which entails frequent topping-up of the sump, making you defer the once regular change of the whole supply. New piston rings are called for and will pay for themselves in restored efficiency and a considerable saving in the oil bill.

I cannot tolerate a car which has weak brakes, lost motion in the steering, or a clutch that is prone to slip in taking up the drive on a steep hill. These are matters of wear, not of bad design, and can be put right for a sum which varies with the type of car, but which is never excessive. Similarly, a new set of tyres and tubes is an admirable present to give a faithful servant at the commencement of another season, likewise a set of new lamp bulbs or a refill for engine, gearbox, and back axle.

If the car's appearance is becoming a trifle shabby I think you will be pleasantly surprised at the change for the better which a thorough clean by one of the new mechanised processes can effect, while even more effective is a fresh spray with cellulose of a hue that has just taken your fancy. But if an overhaul or a motor-beauty treatment is contemplated in readiness for the Easter holidays, I would advise prompt delivery of the car to the garage or service station. Garage managers are only human. They dislike refusing business, but, especially at this time of year, jobs they hope to have ready by a stated time have a habit of being unfinished when you arrive on the eve of the holiday and seek the car. So I always interview my garage as soon as I have decided to have anything done to the car and I ask for it to be ready rather before I actually need it.

If you are becoming a car-owner for the first time, I think it a commendable plan to learn to drive either before the new car is due to be delivered, or, if you are starting your motoring career with a second-hand vehicle, while the service station is putting it in really fine fettle for you. Lots of my friends worry about learning to drive on a car different from the one they have bought, when I suggest this scheme to them. Although letter-writers to the motoring Press often complain that car controls are by no means standardised and should be, I

(Continued on page 412)

ELEGANCE A-WHEEL: The new Humber Snipe for 1939, a car of 27 h.p. with a most remarkable top gear performance and a number of new refinements. The smart model illustrated here is a sports saloon, but a six-windowed touring saloon is also being marketed

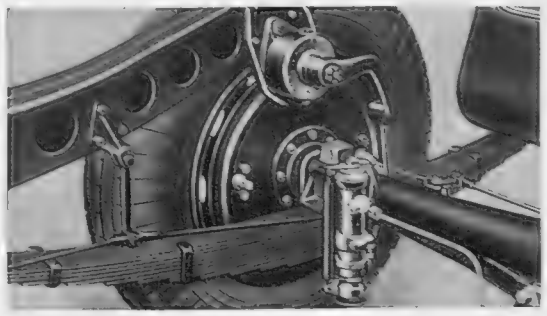
The Rover Company Limited *Coventry and Devonshire House, London*

The AUSTIN '28' at £595

AN entirely new model—news at the Motor Show: news wherever motorists gather to discuss and compare. The Austin '28' Ranelagh Limousine is a most luxurious car, with all the famous Austin dependability. The long wheelbase of 11 ft. 4 in. gives a magnificent sweep to the lines of the car and provides spacious comfort inside.

Most people will use this as a chauffeur-driven car, and the passenger compartment has been very carefully planned. Both engine and gearbox are mounted in 'live' rubber, and the steel panels, doors and floors are fully insulated against heat and noise. Ventilation is draught-free and easily adjustable.

Owners, who may sometimes wish to drive themselves, will find both the steering and synchromesh gear-change delightful to handle. The smooth six-cylinder engine rated at 27.75 h.p. has a high compression aluminium head and a b.h.p. of 90 at 3,200 revs. giving a distinctly lively performance to the car.



SMOOTH RIDING *is a feature of the new "Ranelagh" ensured by specially large shock absorbers and positively lubricated road springs of low periodicity.*

FULL COMFORT *for five at the back. Notice the wide doors and fully upholstered forward-facing occasional seats. The rear seat is adjustable, and folding footrests and softly upholstered armrests are also provided.*

Have you seen this month's Austin Magazine ?

ENGINE AND CHASSIS:

The 4,016 cc. 6-cylinder engine has inclined side valves and a detachable head, down-draught carburation, anodised aluminium pistons, a 4-bearing crankshaft with vibration damper and 'live' rubber mountings. Outstanding features are pressure-lubricated tappets and floating filter pick-up for the oil pump. Transmission is from 4-speed gearbox with synchromesh for second, third and top through two-piece propeller shaft to three-quarter floating rear axle. Powerful Girling brakes. Hydraulic shock absorbers and built-in Smith's Jackall Jacks. 12-volt electrical system with compensated voltage control and automatic advance and retard.

BODY AND EQUIPMENT:

Seven seats fully upholstered. Sliding glass partition. Partition blind and passenger-controlled rear blind. Sliding rear quarter windows. Fitted telephone, thick carpets and many other interior fittings. Pistol-grip handbrake enabling driver to leave by nearside door. Dual electric screen wipers, twin horns, sun visors. Illuminated instruments. Automatic return direction indicators. Chromium-plated lamps and fittings. Totally enclosed spare wheel and tyre. Generous luggage accommodation with two fitted suitcases.

Price at works **£595**

FOR LASTING LUXURY INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

BRITISH CARS—BEST IN THE LONG RUN

7.G.39

• SPRING MOTORING SECTION •

(Continued from page 410)

believe that if you can drive any one car properly, then you can drive every other make, racing and veteran types excepted.

If you learn to drive a car having a fierce clutch, a "crash-type" gear-box, and heavy brakes and steering, your own car will seem all the easier to handle, while you will have the comforting knowledge that you are proficient to take charge of older cars should occasion ever arise. If a friend offers to teach you, politely refuse if you feel that he will get bored with the idea and hurry the lessons through, or if you feel that you might be doing damage to his car.

Driving schools expect their cars to be roughly handled in the first stages, and qualified instructors may find teaching easier than does a friend who, although sincerely wishing to help, has learned to drive so long ago that the beginner's outlook is something he cannot sympathetically understand. Arrange your lessons in small doses. Do not get depressed if at first the whole thing seems the worst task you have ever tackled, and make sure your instructor brings in plenty of traffic driving and tells you a lot about signalling procedure before the lessons conclude. You will soon wonder why you delayed learning for so long, and the first runs in your own car, when your late instructor could profitably become your front-seat passenger, will rank amongst your happiest memories.

You may even decide to take up the course of elementary engineering and maintenance which the more progressive schools arrange for both ladies and gentlemen, and this will certainly increase your appreciation of the new hobby, though I have sufficient confidence in the modern car and the modern service station to remark that such a course is in no way essential to satisfactory car-ownership. Incidentally, I would remind parents and other persons who may be approached by those near and dear to them with a request that driving lessons be undertaken, that lots of driving schools provide dual-control cars, and that some even have their own private grounds for beginners to drive in, which is worth considering if you are at all nervous about the risks run by a learner. Which reminds me that although the accident statistics are certainly very terrible, they do not take separate account of unfortunate circumstances, such as faults in the vehicle itself, skids arising from worn tyres, or accidents arising from the intoxicated state of the driver involved.

Such circumstances do not arise in the case of well-balanced persons driving properly-maintained motor vehicles, and I think it a grave mistake to bar persons, especially fit young men and women who excel in other pastimes, from driving because those in authority over them are influenced by hysterical anti-motoring propaganda. After all, another group of statistics, not favoured with nearly as much publicity as the road accident figures, proves that more persons are injured every day in their own homes than on the roads. At Brooklands track, where extensive motoring activities take place at speeds only touched momentarily, if ever, by the ordinary road driver, atalities are happily an extremely rare occurrence. The reason is that drivers who race are definitely beyond the "novice" stage, and that we very thoroughly examine all racing cars for mechanical defects at frequent intervals.

Before you commence your driving lessons you will require to take out a provisional driving licence, which is available to anyone over sixteen years of age who can satisfactorily complete Form D.L.1, which is obtainable from any post office. The licence costs 5s. and is valid for three months. It enables you to drive a car providing it has displayed at the front and rear "L" plates, having a red letter "L" 4 ins. high, 3½ ins. along the foot and 1¼ ins. thick, on a white background measuring 7 ins. by 7 ins., and providing that while driving you are accompanied by a person who holds a full driving licence and who has either held such a licence for not less than

(Continued on page 414)

"LE DERNIER CRI": There is a steady demand for this smart 4·3-litre Alvis two-seater roadster. A useful size dickey seat for two is available in the rear decking, and provision is made for carrying two spare wheels in the metal disc on the tail

VILLAGE SCENE: Many a happy hour can be spent touring round the countryside in an Austin Ten Cambridge saloon, the designers of which have first and foremost studied the comfort of the passengers, having built the body expressly to meet all the requirements of a family party of four adults

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WELL, they'd have to have the garden party in the church hall. It had been raining since early morning and the vicarage lawns were sodden.

The vicar looked out of his study window and waited for the crunch of tyres on his gravel drive. They should be back from the station by now, his curate, Peter, and the African bishop who was arriving for a visit on the 12.45.

'No need to 'phone for the taxi, Peter," he had said. "You'll manage in the 'Prefect.' The key of the ignition fits the luggage compartment. There'll be lots of room for the bishop's suitcases in there out of the rain."

Peter had scratched his head. "How about the bishop?"

"Lots of room for him. Don't forget I brought Mr. and Mrs. Tukle and their two children from Abbot's Farm the other day. If the 'Prefect' fits *them*, it will fit any bishop born of man."

"True enough! I'd better start."

"Have a look at the car clock, Peter. I always set my watch by the clock in the car."

* * *

They had finished lunch. Smoke from the vicar's best cigars hung in three fragrant clouds over the table.

"I have one, too," the bishop was saying, "....a Ford, I mean. Mine is open, as cool as yours is snug. In Africa we have to take our motoring seriously. I think nothing of driving two hundred miles to a mission service."

"I doubt if you use your Ford more than I do," replied the vicar urbanely. "After all, we use it continuously—all day long—not all in the same direction, of course, but it travels just as far."

"Have you ever driven on African roads? They test *any* springing, I can tell you."

"Have you ever seen the lane to Abbot's Farm in wet weather, my lord," interposed the curate, "or tried to negotiate the left hand bend on the hill outside Miss Raughton's place?"

"Of course I haven't," said the bishop with a touch of asperity, "and your Ford hasn't climbed the Wemba Pass in top like mine has." He blew out his cheeks.

"Quite," said the vicar hastily. "Some more coffee, my lord?" He looked at the clock. "Peter," he added, "you'd better go now and fetch Miss Raughton. She isn't nervous in the 'Prefect.' On the way back, collect the flowers at the Cedars and then tell the Websters that the party's at the hall. They haven't a 'phone. Pick

up Lady Louding, too. She has rheumatism and says her own car jolts her too much. You should be back for us in half an hour."

"Argumentative young man," said the bishop when the door had closed.

"Well, you see, we do use our Ford a lot in the parish. It's the taxi, the children's bus, the ambulance, the delivery van, all in one. And now even Lady Louding prefers it to her own car... Anyway, I think the three of us are agreed on one thing, that Ford cars are the finest value for money in the world."

THE "PREFECT," the Ten Ahead of its Class. SALOON £145

Double-Entrance Saloon £152 . 10. Touring Car £155.

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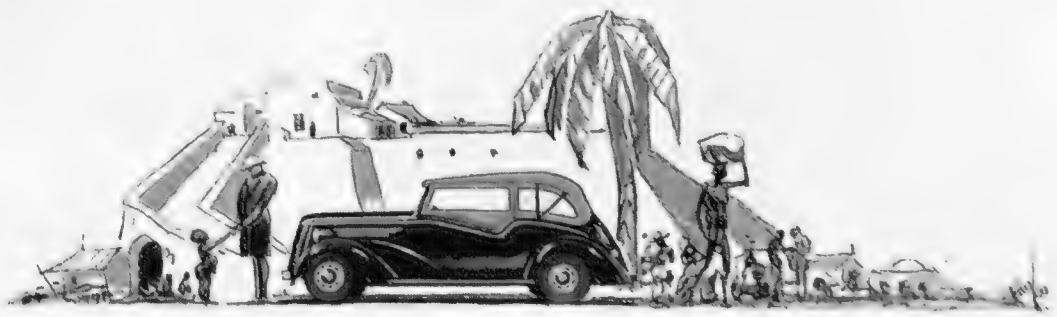

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

• SPRING MOTORING SECTION •

ROVER'S LATEST: An entirely new Fourteen of 14·9 rating. Its excellent performance is enhanced by synchromesh gears on third and top in conjunction with a free-wheel transmission

(*Continued from page* 412)

two years or who has passed the driving test. Application to undergo the compulsory official driving test must be made at least fifteen days before you wish to attempt the test. Application is made on form D.L.26, which you send to the supervising engineer of the district in which you propose to be tested, 5s. has to be dispatched with this form, which is the fee for making the test. In reply you will receive a card stating when you should keep the appointment with the tester and also acting as a receipt for the fee. There is a "reply" half to this card, which should be completed and posted without delay if the time confirmed is convenient to you—whenever possible the time will be that originally applied for by the applicant.

If you fail to pass the test you are required to apply for another test and to take out another provisional licence when the original expires. If you pass the test application can be made for the normal driving licence, which costs 5s., and it is valid for twelve months from the date of issue. Thus, providing the official test is passed within the period of the validity of the provisional licence, the total cost is 15s., made up of provisional licence fee of 5s., test fee of 5s., and driving licence fee of 5s. Every new driver has to take the test; only those persons who held a licence at any time prior to April 1, 1934, are immune. When you obtain your annual driving licence do not forget to append your signature in the appropriate space—it is an offence not to do so.

So far as licensing the car is concerned, I advise leaving this to the dealer, who is accustomed to the filling up of the necessary official forms and correctly presenting the data required by the authorities. Before you can tax the car it will be necessary to produce a certificate of third party insurance. I always recommend my friends to take out *comprehensive* cover, even though the law demands only that third party risks be covered, as this pays in the case of all but the cheapest cars, if only from the point of view of increased peace of mind. I most emphatically warn everyone to avoid little-known insurance companies which offer very low rates. To insure through such companies can involve the car owner in legal and financial embarrassment and it always pays to go to the bigger firms, whose reputation is well established, even if their premiums are somewhat heavier.

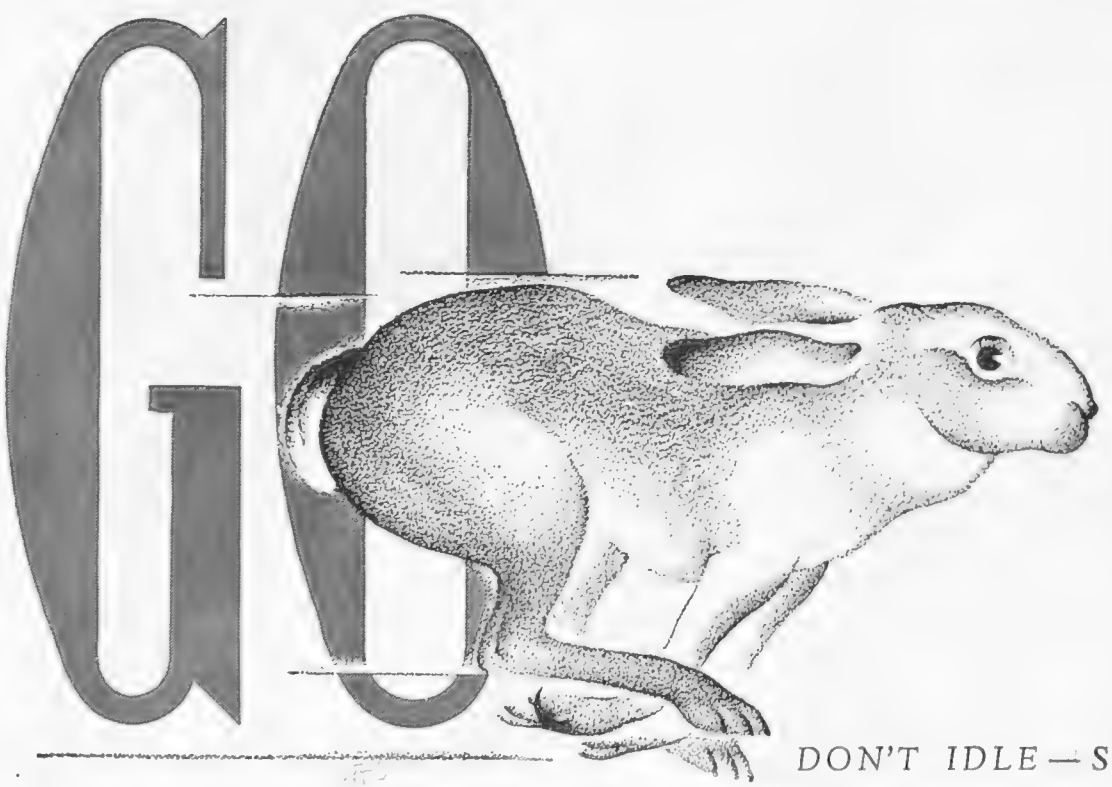
Having obtained your own licence to drive, and having put the car on the road, you are free to motor when and where you wish. There are surprisingly few roads in this country barred to motor traffic and even those notices which proclaim that a by-way is "unsuited to motor vehicles" are invariably friendly warnings and not an indication that you have no right of way. No new driver can be encouraged to explore such places before he is completely confident of himself and his car (or equally of herself and her car) but I would like to cure you of a habit which seems to be ingrown in so many cases even before a person enjoys the freedom which possession of a car makes possible.

I refer once more to the habit of going to places, even when on pleasure bent, by the most direct route, which invariably entails using the congested main roads. You have only to observe the mass of traffic which leaves London at a set time every summer Sunday and crawls down the most direct route to Brighton, Eastbourne, and Hastings, returning at another set period, in equal congestion, as darkness falls, to realise how much this mass-motoring is part of the British constitution. Try breaking away from the seemingly universal desire to avoid the lesser routes. Not only are our roads much better than they were before the war, but the A.A. has done yeoman service in naming and sign-posting them. Learn to read a good map and explore uncongested roads. It is one of motoring's major pleasures.

You will do well to consider joining either the A.A. or the R.A.C., or both. I have heard motorists say that modern cars are so reliable that it is ridiculous to join either of these organisations on account of their road-patrol services. Even so, not a few of my friends have been glad of the "get-you-home" service when their cars have ceased to function through some trivial shortcoming. If your motoring career is blessed with never a breakdown, you will still find membership of these bodies of great value in obtaining useful road-guides, unique routes, advice on general touring topics in this country and abroad, and for legal service, etc.

(*Continued on page* 416)

ECONOMICAL LUXURY: The 1939 Vauxhall 10—the car with the exceptionally low petrol consumption of 40 m.p.g. The comfort of the occupants has also been carefully studied by the fitting of independently sprung front wheels for smooth running



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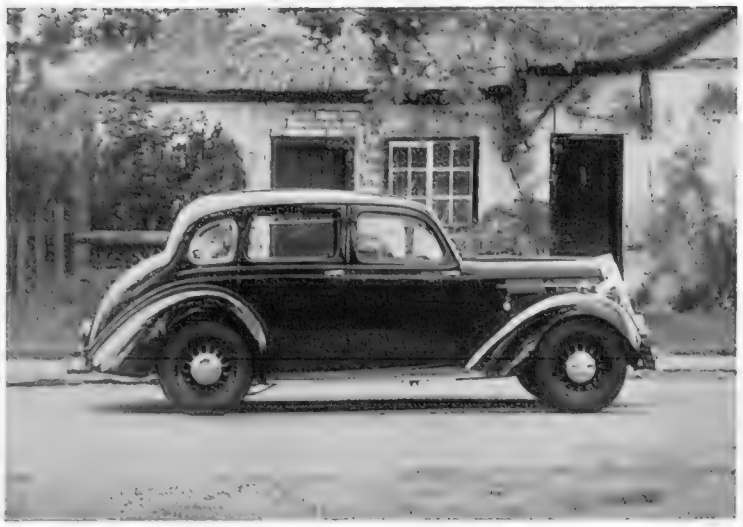
SPRING MOTORING SECTION

(*Continued from page 414*)

Having reached the stage when you will have overcome initial doubts and difficulties, a few notes on care and maintenance of your car will not come amiss. I always commence by asking a new car-owner who seeks my advice what fuel and oil he is using, and I give him a severe lecture if he admits that he is finding the cheapest brands good enough. If you take the trouble to work out costs over a period of a year's motoring, you will find that the saving on cheap petrol and oil, as against good quality products, is very small indeed.

On the other hand, the harm done by using the cheaper brands, though not easy to assess, can be very considerable. Cheap petrol makes starting more difficult and quickly destroys the internal cleanliness of a new engine, and as the fuel consumption is often inferior to that possible on a good brand, the saving in £ s. d. is really highly problematical. Also, performance in terms of clean pick-up, speed, and hill-climbing invariably suffers. To use a cheap brand of oil I consider an even worse crime. The most expensive parts of your engine are at the mercy of the lubricating oil. In cases where a low-duty engine makes small demands on a lubricant it may be possible to use cheap oil without any detrimental effect, but only by constant replacement of the whole sump contents, because oil deteriorates with use, and the cheaper brands usually become useless very rapidly indeed. So fill up with good petrol—you will soon discover on which brand your engine thrives—and with oil of the make and grade recommended by the manufacturers of your car.

Even the best lubricants cannot function indefinitely, nor can they do their job if an insufficient quantity is circulated through the engine. I always keep a close check on the sump contents and I make a point of doing something or other that will remind me that I have motored 2,000 miles since the sump was last drained, then I have the engine flushed out and refilled at the earliest opportunity. With a new engine you should certainly drain the sump and refill after the first 500 miles, and personally, I would repeat the process after the next 1,000 miles as a precaution. After this the engine will be cleared of any small particles of foreign matter, and be properly free, and a good brand of oil will do its job properly over a longer period.



LINES OF SPEED: The Flying Standard Fourteen touring saloon which combines quality with a low price. Its well-balanced body is luxuriously appointed and provides excellent vision for all the occupants

A POPULAR FAVOURITE: The Hillman Fourteen, the performance of which is of a very high order. The incorporation of independent front-wheel suspension makes it ride comfortably on all types of roads

Never be afraid of giving a modern engine its head. It has been designed for hard work and will not object. On the other hand, it pays to give your engine regular attention, or to let the service station check it over at regular intervals. If you run with tappits out of adjustment, fan-belt slack, sparking plugs fouled, and so on, you pay more dearly for your motoring by reason of loss of efficiency and, worse still, you shorten the life of the working parts which would otherwise suffer little wear if they were allowed to function as their designer intended. So reliable is the modern car that I fear we take it rather too much for granted. It very seldom retaliates by breaking down, but its rate of depreciation and period of efficient service is largely governed by the maintenance attention afforded it.

This is very well illustrated in the case of the tyres, which wear amazingly well and which so seldom give trouble—motor racing did much to perfect the present-day product. Nevertheless, the extent of their life is to a considerable degree governed by small matters of routine attention, such as keeping them at the correct recommended pressures and occasionally removing flints and small stones from the treads.

I trust I have written enough to indicate that the urge to enjoy the open road which is just as persistent and as appealing now as when motoring was in its infancy, and infinitely easier to attain, is well worth obeying. Take the advice of those whose experience of car-ownership is matured and you will find that motoring comes quite naturally to you. I wish you good journeying.

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The poor children in the Society's Homes and Training Ship have come from all parts of the country. They are being trained to become good and useful men and women, well fitted to take their places in the world. 1,165 are now under the Society's care, and a large sum of money is required each week to maintain and train these poor boys and girls. An urgent appeal is made to the readers of THE SPHERE to send donations to help carry on the great work of caring for poor children. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headmasters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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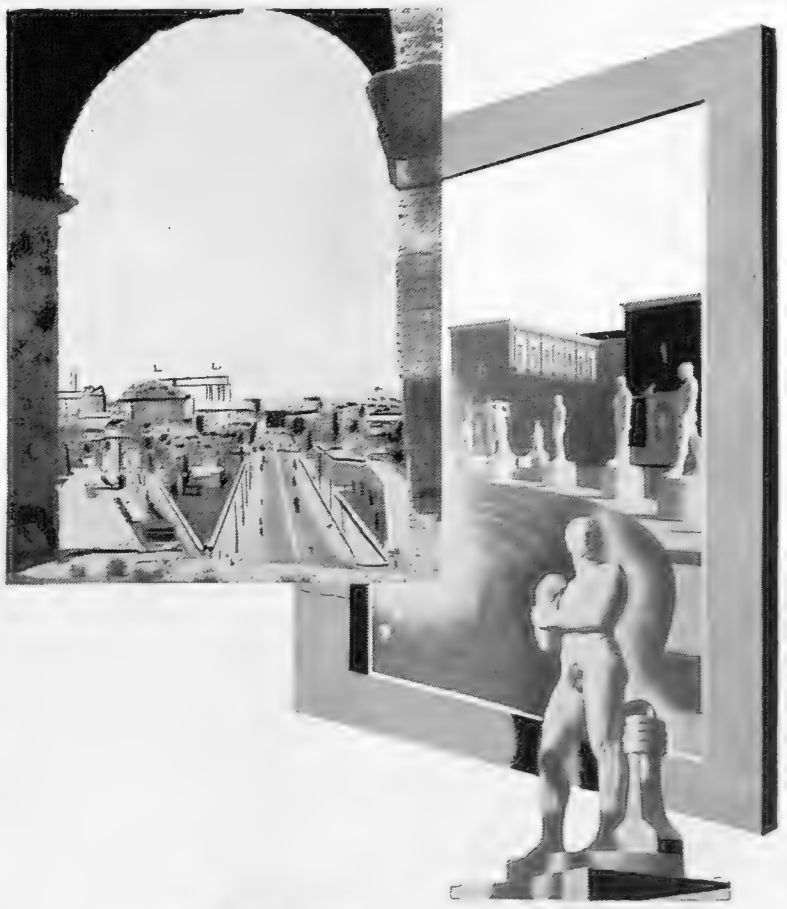

ROME

The greatness of Ancient Rome, the magnificence of the Popes and of the Italian Renaissance are living once again in their full splendour beside the new realisations which render the Eternal City more and more attractive and interesting.

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Everything conspires to make your spring-time visit comfortable and economical. The Railways offer 50 °/₀ to 70 °/₀ reduction. Motorists pay 1/2 a gallon for petrol. Hotel Coupons cost from 5/6 to 20/- a day absolutely inclusive, and the special Tourist Rate of Exchange still further reduces the cost of living.

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For information apply to E.N.I.T., 38 Piccadilly, London, W.1., or to any Travel Agency.

THE ETRUSCAN GATEWAY AT PERUGIA: A scene in this old Umbrian city where the new academic year is just starting and a welcome is being extended to students from all parts of the world

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU:

Notes from Far and Near

PERUGIA WELCOMES THE FOREIGN STUDENT

The Start of a New Academic Year in the Umbrian University City

THE fact that the academic year for foreigners opens at Perugia on the first of next month is a reminder, if we need it, that this historic city has great claims on the attention of travellers. There is so much to see and do in Italy that it is overlooked when itineraries are planned by those with limited time for sightseeing. The loss is theirs.

The city stands on a hill above the Tiber and commands a fine panorama. The ancient Etruscan nucleus is on the top of the hill. There is an imposing gateway of that period but not a great deal is known of the place in those days. Running parallel with a long political history is the history of the city's art, and it is still in the making. Every age has left its legacy, and Perugia was the seat of the Umbrian school of painters of the Renaissance. The Great Fountain in the middle of the Piazza Municipio is one exquisite piece of work, and the Hall of the Notaries, the Vannucci Gallery, the Exchange Hall and the façade of the Oratory of San Bernardino are other outstanding sights.

Reverting to the courses at the university, it is interesting to note that last year nearly 1,200 students from 42 countries attended them. Language, literature, Italian history, and the history of art will again be the subjects. The plans include excursions to resorts famous for their artistic and natural beauty and historical interest. Students of all ages are admitted without presentation of any degree of studies, and all sorts of special facilities are offered them.

Ushant.—Although relatively few travellers have close acquaintance with it, the island of Ushant, the most westerly point of Europe, is known by sight, chanty, or hearsay to nearly everybody who moves about the world. The neighbourhood has a grim record, but it has just acquired a new and brighter interest. Its lighthouse now houses the most powerful apparatus in the world, and a beam of 500,000,000 candle power sweeps the sea at intervals of ten seconds. If you go cruising southward this season you are not likely to miss it.

Some 3,000 people have their home on the island, which is about twice the size of Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel, and they are an interesting community. If in your travels in Brittany you go as far west as the great naval port of Brest the opportunity should be taken of visiting the island. The journey by steamer takes several hours, calls being made at one or two places. Howe's action which immortalised "The Glorious First of June" was fought off Ushant. The Romans called it Uxantos, the Bretons know it as Enez-Eursaff, and the French as Ouessant.

Brest itself attracts attention. It has an imposing castle, originally built by the Romans, but it has been much developed since those days. An inland sea, the Rade de Brest, connected with the Atlantic by the narrow Goulet de Brest, is one of the attractive features of the port.

Sibenik.—The best time for travelling in Dalmatia is approaching. In April and May the countryside puts on its garment of spring blossoms. The place which most readily comes into the minds of people in this country is Dubrovnik, and with plenty of justification, but along that coast are many island resorts of interest and beauty.

Zara, which has the distinction of being in Italian territory and has several historic buildings, is one of them. Another is Sibenik, to the north of Split, where a history of nearly 1,000 years has left a legacy of magnificent monuments and sculptures, among them a particularly beautiful Renaissance cathedral. A fine medieval fortress dominates the town. Easily accessible are the picturesque falls of the river Krka and the lovely old town of Jajce with eastern atmosphere, whence a bus will take you through mountain gorges to Banja Luka.

Some of the steamers on Adriatic services call at Sibenik, which also has a railway linking with the line from Zagreb to Split, one of the best centres from which to explore this fascinating coast.

Colombo.—If you happen to have a few hours at Colombo there are quite a number of places to be seen. The famous Buddhist shrine, Kelani Temple, rebuilt at the beginning of the fourteenth century, is six miles away, and if you are lucky enough to be there on the night of the full moon you will see processions of pilgrims bearing offerings of flowers and fruit. The participants come from the town and surrounding villages, and in their garments of white or delicate shades present a very beautiful scene in the tropical moonlight.

On the coast seven miles south of Colombo is Mount Lavinia, one of the island's most celebrated beauty spots. About an hour's run along the coast to the north of Colombo is Negombo, a picturesque town with a lagoon on one side and the sea on the other.

The temperature records do not show a great variation throughout the year, but July and August are considered the best months on this west coast. Colombo's hot season is from March to May.

CHANGING THE GUARD IN BUDAPEST: Tourists watching the daily ceremonial before the old palace. A correspondent recently noted the increase in taxis and other vehicles in the city. The picture certainly helps to confirm the statement

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

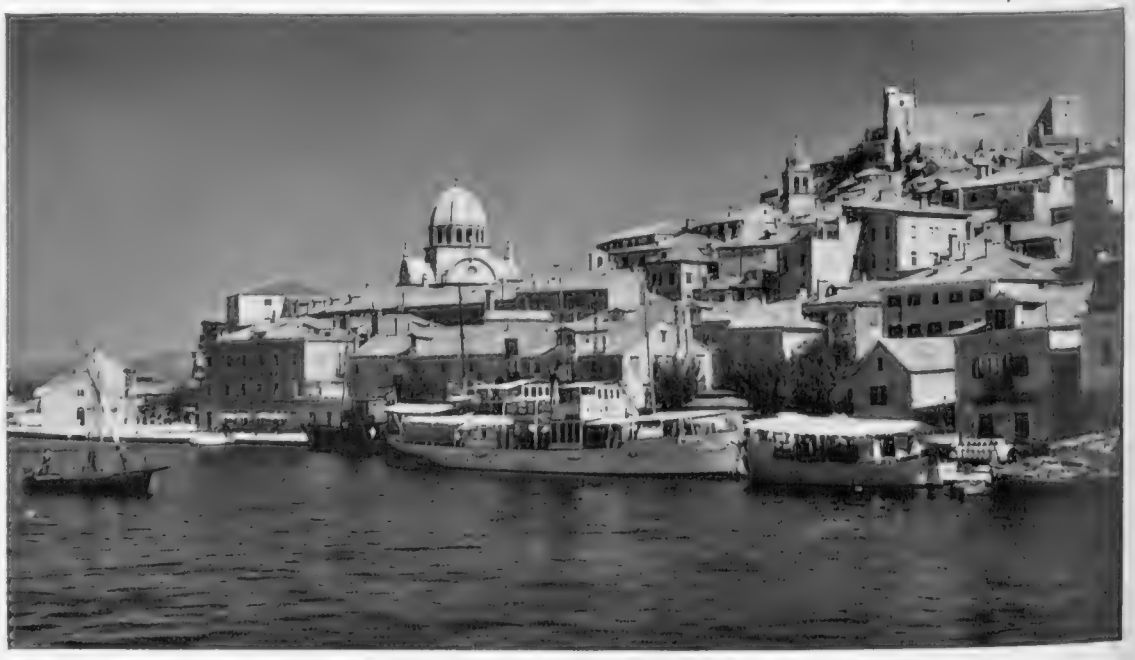
The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Albania.—Hotel accommodation and roads have been much improved in recent years. The country has some fine scenery and we suggest you consider hiring a car. You will find the hotels are now adequate in such places as Tirana, Durazzo, and Valona.

Cap Ferrat.—One of the most attractive of the Riviera resorts and about a quarter of an hour's journey from Nice. It is nearly 300 ft. above sea level, and the position warm and sheltered. We recommend the Grand Hotel where the pension terms are from 70 to 95 francs per day. Beaulieu, which has become a very fashionable resort, and the fine harbour of picturesque Villefranche are also close at hand.

Arosa.—The snow remains for several weeks longer and you are certainly not too late for a winter sports holiday. Remember it is nearly 6,000 ft. up and it is a suitable place for beginners, although it also has some of the best runs in Switzerland. It is one of the largest winter sports centres in the country, and there is a wide range of accommodation.

Beverley Brooke



DOMINATED BY ITS MEDIEVAL FORTRESS, the Adriatic seaport of Sibenik is one of many delightful places on the Dalmatian coast that should be seen at this time of year. Sibenik has good rail and steamer connections, thus making it an ideal centre for the tourist wishing to explore the coast and the hinterland

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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It is here, amongst a group of other buildings all looking somewhat alike, that you will find the very individual "anne hamilton hotel." The very spelling of the name, without capitals, denotes individuality; but you will sense it even more inside. Eton blue for the decorative treatment of doors and woodwork; distinctive colourings in the twelve attractive bedrooms; a chef who is encouraged to be individual in his cooking, which is served up in an attractive dining-room—described in the tariff as "the real testing place for what is claimed."

Anne Hamilton has set out to be distinctive, and I am satisfied that if you are one of those who abhor a big hotel but appreciate refinement, personal attention, a comfortable, cheerful bedroom, and really good food, you will be glad to hear of Anne Hamilton—as I was to discover her.

One further point—the houses in the Terrace are lofty. To the best of my knowledge at the time of writing, the "anne hamilton hotel" is the only one in the Terrace with an electric lift.

But naturally there will be many who want to know of an hotel right on Eastbourne's front, and such well-known hotels as the Burlington, the Cavendish, the Grand, and the Queen's need no further recommendation from me. But there are many others which are definitely good, and whose prices and purport have a more popular appeal. Two alone will suffice for my purpose, and they are both under the same control—the Cumberland and the Sandhurst Private Hotels.

Just as it is often unwise to judge a book by its cover, so is it often misleading to judge an hotel by its exterior.

Peace . . . and Perfection

An Hotel for a holiday of quiet and content. Every bedroom has a perfect view over Tor Bay.

50 rooms with every luxury. Private suites. Private bathrooms.

A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.

All under the personal direction of Mr. A. Tschumy, born and trained in Switzerland.

HEADLAND HOTEL, TORQUAY

A very first-class unlicensed hotel run in connection with the Grand, where every facility for recreation is free. *Telephone: Torquay 2161.*

THE GARDEN HOTEL
Lincombe Hall
OF TORQUAY

LINCOMBE HALL TORQUAY

The Ideal Hotel for Spring

South aspect . . . beautiful grounds . . . away from noise yet near town centre. Central heating and modern appointments throughout. 50 bedrooms . . . many with private bath.

INCLUSIVE TERMS FROM 3½ GNS.

Write for brochure direct or consult Ashley Courtenay, 68, St. James's Street, S.W. 1.

The New Luxury Hotel of the North . . .

People of discrimination and The Clifton Arms are naturally drawn together. North country folk have already discovered this; Southerners should remember it next time they are in the North. And above all prices are reasonable. You will never be over-charged, you will always receive value for money in terms of comfort, service and good food . . . which we believe is the best in the North-West. £40,000 was spent to bring the Clifton Arms up to our standards; come for the Grand National! Special trains direct to Aintree.

Details and Brochure from J. J. HERITIER,

CLIFTON ARMS HOTEL,
LYTHAM ST. ANNES

QUALITY and SERVICE AT MODERATE PRICES

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and unostentatious luxury characterise Hans Crescent Hotel, one of the best that London can offer. Facing Harrods and adjacent to Hyde Park. Ideal for long or short visits. Receptions and Private Dance Parties (Sprung Dance Floor) specially catered for. Brochure on request.

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Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Telephone: Sloane 3421.
Telegrams: Hancrestel, London.

f Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

Eastbourne and there are a
m which to Choose

Yet the Cumberland is an exception. Driving along Eastbourne's front, you will be struck by its wide modern windows picked out in apple green . . . and, in general, by its freshness.

Within, it is just as attractive, and can tell you the reason why. A year or so ago, the directors, whose motto seems to be "thoroughness," bought an old building on the site of the present Cumberland. But instead of tinkering with it, as is often done, they razed the old building to the ground and rebuilt it, with the result that every known modern idea has been incorporated rather as a matter of course than as something to boast about.

So to-day, the hundred visitors which the Cumberland will hold at any one time will find an hotel which is planned and furnished in keeping with the needs of to-day. And this thoroughness continues behind the sensational kitchens, the finest of their kind, and—perhaps of greater importance—the best of English fare cooked in the best possible manner.

Being just opposite the sunken bandstand, you could not wish for a more central position, and as one sits on the sun verandah of the hotel, with its glass windows thrown back or closed, according to the weather, one feels very much "on the front"—and perhaps a little superior in consequence!

You will find the Sandhurst a few yards farther along towards Beachy Head, and you will quickly sense the relationship between the two. The Sandhurst has, like the Cumberland, been through the process of being rebuilt, and in the management there is that same policy of thoroughness throughout. The only difference is a slightly quieter note at the Sandhurst. It is not licensed, nor has it a ballroom. But both are centres of good bridge and share the same bridge hostess, and both make excellent spring quarters—thanks to that policy of thoroughness and the kindly protection which Eastbourne's patron saint, Beachy Head, offers from any occasional chilly wind.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors?

. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?

. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur?

. . DANCED every dance with the energy bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun?

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Angmering-on-Sea.—Palm Court House Hotel.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Cornwall (South).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness (Suffolk).—Dolphin Hotel.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washford (Somerset).—Dragon House. Tel. 215.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Inverness.—Station Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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